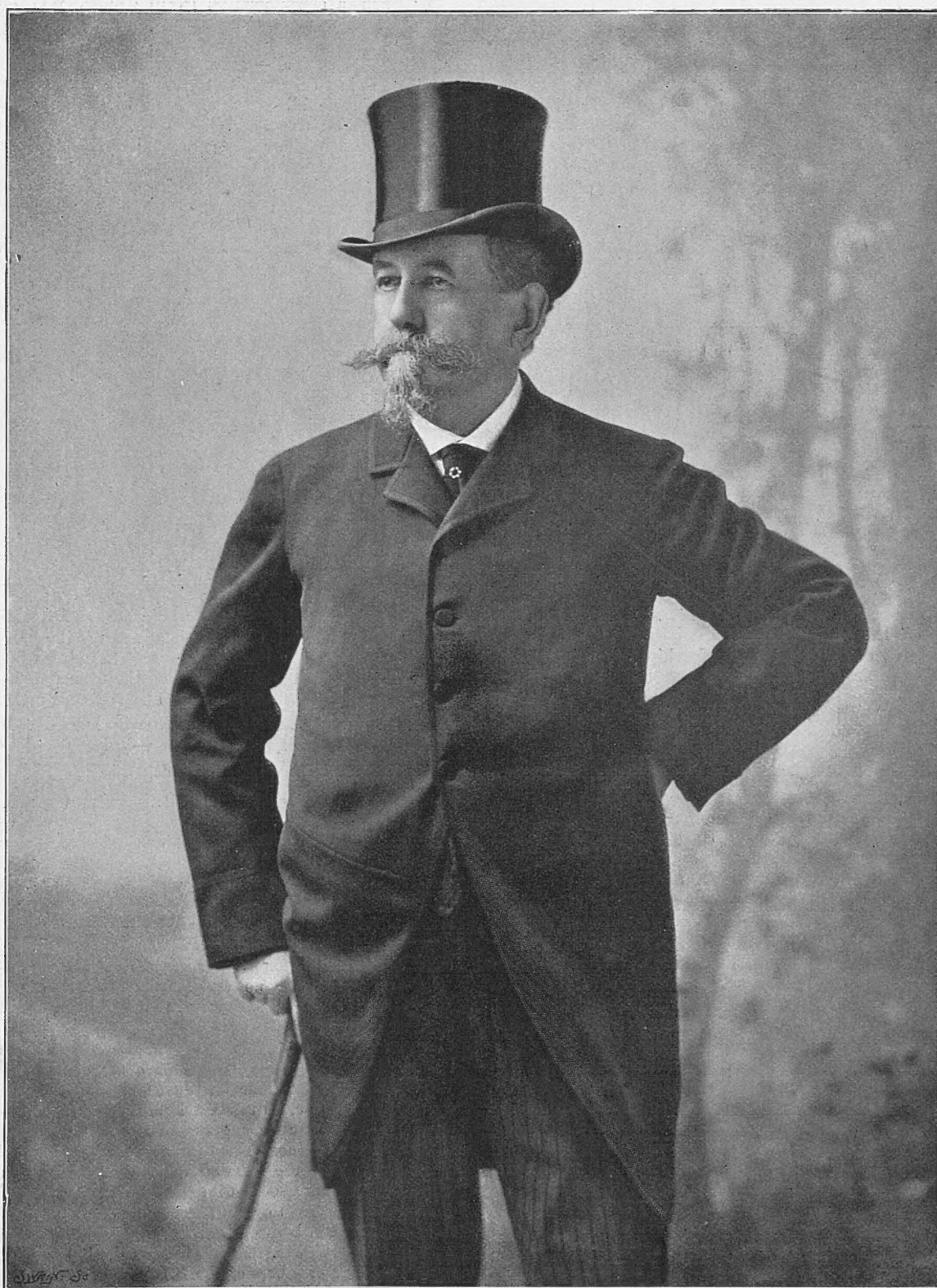




No. 106.—Vol. IX.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1895.

SIXPENCE.
By Post, 6d.



THE LATE WARD McALLISTER.

PHOTOGRAPH BY PRINCE, NEW YORK.

THE LATE WARD McALLISTER.

"McAllister is dead." The fact, heralded in telling type, has, doubtless, been the feature of every American newspaper during the week, for, though little known on this side, Ward McAllister had become famous as the leader of the "Four Hundred," and the author of a book, "Society as I have Found It." America has lost its Beau Brummel, for McAllister passed away on Thursday.

McAllister may be said to have discovered New York society—not that there was no society in New York before he appeared upon the scene, for, of course, there was, just as there was "A Dark Continent" before Stanley plunged into its fastnesses. There has always been society in New York, and good society, too, even in the days when Peter Stuyvesant hobbled about on his wooden leg, and "ladies faire" promenaded the Battery front, where now, in the cool of the summer evenings, the tramp regales himself by sniffing the salty breezes that blow in from the Narrows. But when McAllister made up his mind to write his name on history's page, the rich people of New York had a great deal to learn. There was money in abundance, but tact, refinement, and diplomacy were lacking, and the art of gossiping over the teacup was to be taught anew. McAllister set about his life's task with the ardour of a Crusader. In New York he was at once the best-liked and the best-hated man. He was liked by those whom he had smiled upon, and hated by those whom he had not helped into prominence.

About five feet seven inches in height, he was stockily built, with broad shoulders and head well poised. No one would have suspected him of being the leader of society. He looked more like a well-to-do merchant or a prosperous broker. There was nothing in his dress to distinguish him from other men. He was to be seen walking or driving every afternoon, for he was fond of exercise; and when driving he was no more conspicuous than when seen on the promenade. His brougham was a serviceable affair, and not at all stylish. His coachman did not attract attention. When McAllister went to his Newport farm, he varied his daily routine by riding on horseback—a sight fit for gods and men. As McAllister was short and fat, and his horse very long and lean, the pair made a combination that invariably attracted attention.

Who was Ward McAllister? you ask. Well, as a matter of hard fact, his ancestors were in good society as far back as the Revolutionary days. In Huntington's picture of "The Court of Lady Washington" there is a portrait of Mr. McAllister's maternal grandmother, Mrs. B. C. Cutler, arrayed in all the glory of powdered hair, as were the belles of those days. It is said that General Washington "walked quite" across the room to speak to me at a ball, my dears," and the grandchildren, much impressed thereby, remembered this important event. The Cutlers were of Dutch origin, and their family-tree runs back for over two hundred years. He was also connected, by marriage, with the Astors, and many of the most prominent New York families. His father, Hugh Ward McAllister, was judge of the Supreme Court of California, a very learned and distinguished jurist, whose family stood in the first rank of San Francisco. His mother is described as having been a beautiful woman, of energy, vivacity, and social talent. She showed the trace of her French descent, the Marions being French Huguenots. There were some who thought she bore a likeness to the portraits of Charlotte Corday, to whose family she was related. Those who may care to reason it out, will probably discover that the social talent, so prominent in Ward McAllister, was inherited from his mother, and was, no doubt, attributable to his French descent.

McAllister undoubtedly dated his social leadership from the time he instituted his famous picnics, which, for a quarter of a century, were the feature of Newport summer life. These picnics were given on his farm, where the daintiest creations of the culinary artist were set before the swells of the seaside city. His guests travelled by stage-coach or carriage from Newport to the farm, and the breakfasts and luncheons provided by McAllister were the finest that money and good judgment could secure. The picnics never lost their prestige, despite the colossal balls and monumental dinners which now dwarf all ordinary entertainments at Newport. McAllister never made the mistake of mixing up his guests. He was accused of exclusiveness, but he defended himself by saying that he was simply carrying out the views and sentiments of the constituency which he voluntarily served. In his famous definitions of the Four Hundred, people have come to see that he was right, from this point of view, and he was respected for having the courage of his opinions. In that original declaration, moreover, there was a secondary statement to the effect that the centre of the Four Hundred was surrounded by an adjacent margin of about one thousand persons, who could be relied upon for large balls and other entertainments. In other words, he placed the Four Hundred in much the same position as Napoleon placed the Old Guard, and the thousand persons whom he mentioned in his secondary statement he regarded as a reserve force to be called upon in case of need. He was speaking only of the acting combatants, and not of those who had retired from the social fray, or could only be counted upon to serve upon great occasions.

McAllister was a wealthy man, but he lived rather quietly and very comfortably. He never gave big entertainments except at his Newport farm. His dinners were small affairs. Mrs. McAllister being somewhat of an invalid, his house was not overrun by society people. Indeed, Mrs. McAllister was rarely seen in public. He was probably the only amateur farmer of fashionable life in Newport who had made it pay. He enjoyed planning and promoting not only his own entertainments, but those of other people. That was the way he succeeded. He was always doing something for the young people, and trying to arrange a good time for those whom he liked.

C. FRANK DEWEY.

FEMININE FOOTBALLERS.

We live in an age of progress, and the New Woman is the latest evidence of the advancement. Anybody who had predicted the appearance of ladies "between the lines" would have been looked at more in sorrow than in anger. Yet are we already in possession of a group of fair performers, styled "The British Ladies' Football Club," with Lady Florence Dixie as the President.

Miss Nettie J. Honeyball is the secretary and captain of what may be fairly described as the sporting sensation of the hour, and, if energy and enthusiasm can command success, then surely is the association already preassured of victory. As I saw her in her pretty little study in Crouch End, a thoughtful-looking young lady, with a strong personality, I at once dispelled the suspicion of burlesque that came into my mind.

"You are quite right," said Miss Honeyball, putting aside an ominous batch of correspondence to give me some details; "there is nothing of the farcical nature about the British Ladies' Football Club. I founded the association late last year, with the fixed resolve of proving to the world that women are not the 'ornamental and useless' creatures men have pictured. I must confess, my convictions on all matters, where the sexes are so widely divided, are all on the side of emancipation, and I look forward to the time when ladies may sit in Parliament and have a voice in the direction of affairs, especially those which concern them most."

"Then, I may take it, you also anticipate a time when big League football clubs will be composed of players both male and female?"

"Such a consummation is, of course, very far distant, but it is possible. You must remember we do not profess to the strength of men"—Miss Honeyball did not mention "brute force," like the lady in "Rebellious Susan"—"but we claim the science, and, in my opinion, football is just the exercise to promote health and grace among women."

"But have all your members the moral courage to face public attentances on the field?"

"Why not? There is nothing at all questionable in our costume. When Lady Florence Dixie consented to become president, she specially stipulated that, if the club were to attain its end, the girls should enter into the spirit of the game with heart and soul. 'I will have nothing to do with balloon-sleeves and trained skirts, and anything like that,' she said; 'don't court ridicule by ridiculing yourselves.' Accordingly, we all have our costumes of divided skirts—a sort of blue serge knickerbocker—and the teams will be distinguished by wearing, respectively, cardinal and pale-blue blouses. You will detect no nervousness in the girls when they make their first public appearance. We practise twice a week."

"I suppose you had a good deal of trouble in obtaining members?"

"Not at all. I have players from all parts of London, and a few even have to travel from the farther suburbs. They number close upon thirty, and three or four are married, the ages varying from fifteen to twenty-six. Of course, when we first began, complaints were made of stiffness and soreness, but that soon wore off, and you would be surprised to see the energy thrown into the game. Our original idea was to play our first match on Jan. 12, but a good many difficulties stood in the way, so we decided to postpone it till the end of this month, on the Crouch End Ground, and we will call it North v. South. Then, if we attain any sort of success, we hope to visit a few of the provinces and endeavour to foster the game among the ladies there."

"You may expect an amount of adverse criticism."

"I know it. Already the comic papers have burlesqued the notion right and left. All the members are of the middle class, else how could they spare the time and expense to indulge in practice?"

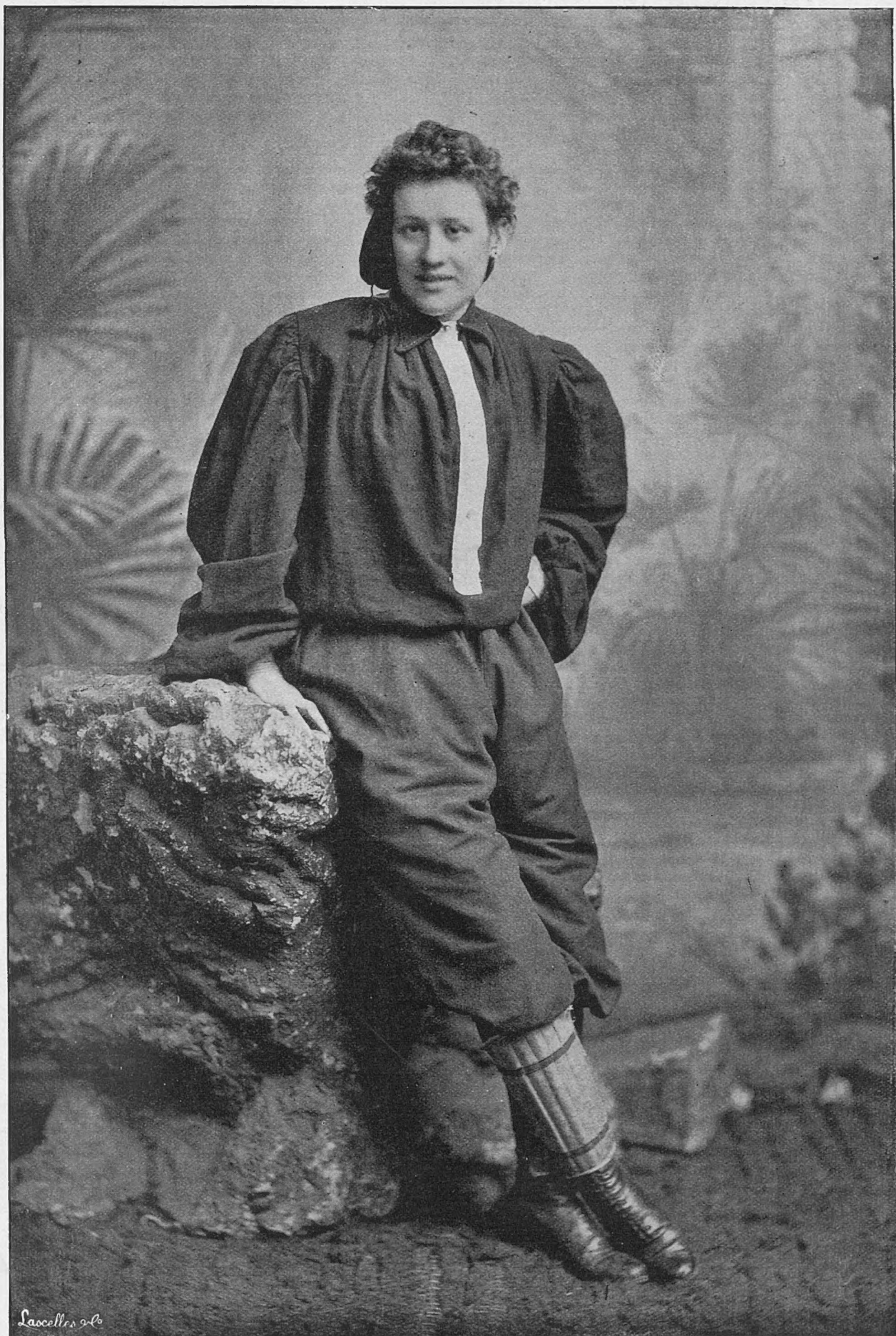
"How did you go about getting the team together?"

"Well, in the first instance I advertised, and, as you can guess, I received a few bogus applications from young men. However, I called all the ladies to a meeting, and we soon proceeded to business. None of them, of course, had previously played, but, like myself, had gained all their experience and love of football from frequent onlooking. Then came the question of ground. The committee of the Oval refused to allow us the use of that ground, and eventually we made arrangements with Mr. C. W. de Lyons Pike to practise and play on the Nightingale Lane enclosure. We have been out so far very regularly, no matter what the weather, and each time the improvement in style is more marked. Mr. J. W. Julian, the well-known half-back, is acting as coach, and rendering valuable assistance."

"Then I may take it there will be no withdrawal—that the club is come to stay and astonish creation?"

"You need have no fear of the collapse of the association," said Miss Honeyball confidently. "I told the girls plainly at the outset—they were all strangers to me, except my sister—that if they ever wished to give up to tell me at once, and I would get others to take their places; but, so far from that, the attendance at practice is astonishingly good. We had a little test-game one day, and one side won by eight goals to six; but, of course, all interest is being centred on the day we admit the public, for, as you may guess, our practice is strictly private. Lady Dixie, who has evinced great interest, will doubtless be present, and has offered to present the winning eleven with copies of her 'Gloriana,' a work which will appeal to us all. In addition, a weekly paper has offered timepieces to the successful ones also, so a hotly contested sixty minutes can be promised."

Since interviewing Miss Honeyball, I have had the pleasure of witnessing the members of the B.L.F.C. at practice, and must confess to a feeling of surprise at the amount of ability already attained. Although the occasion of my visit was not favourable, meteorologically, the ladies went about their various duties pluckily and energetically, skill and shooting power making up for any lack of speed and force. S. D. B.



MISS NETTIE HONEYBALL, CAPTAIN OF THE BRITISH LADIES' FOOTBALL CLUB,
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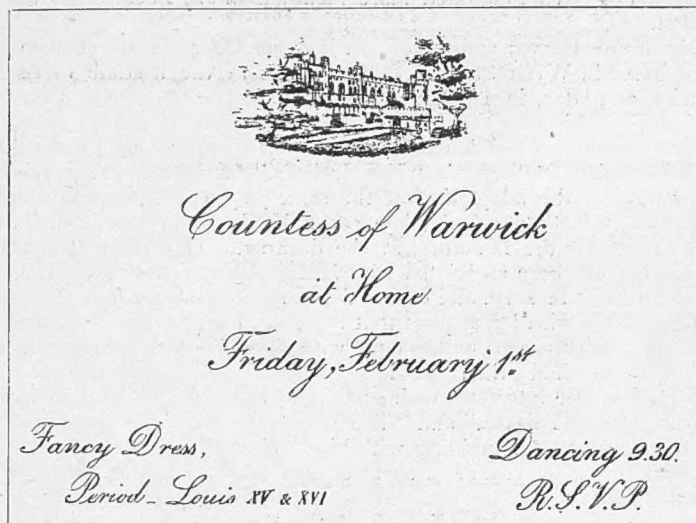
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clubs, wishing to join, should communicate with W. A. BASKCOMB, Esq., the Secretary of The
Old Welcome Club, Exhibition Buildings, Earl's Court, S.W. Subscription three guineas,
including season ticket to the Exhibition.

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THE COUNTESS OF WARWICK'S BALL.

There was a sound of revelry at Warwick Castle on the night of Friday last, when some four hundred guests assembled, at the bidding of the Countess of Warwick, in costumes of the period of Louis XV. and XVI. The stately reception-rooms of the castle had been most harmoniously decorated in the style of the same period. Not a detail



was lacking to the completeness of the illusion, even the lighting being carried out by wax candles and electric light adapted to the shapes of imitation candles, while the servants were all in appropriate dress. The Cedar Drawing-room was the ball-room of the occasion, and the music was rendered by the White Viennese Band, also in costume. Supper was laid in the great banqueting-hall, whither the guests were summoned by a blare of trumpets. Programmes and menu-cards were printed on Louis Quinze screens, bearing a miniature picture of Warwick Castle. By the way, the design on the invitation-cards was a view of Warwick Castle, not of the Tuileries, as has been elsewhere stated. The Countess of Warwick appeared as Marie Antoinette, and the Earl of Warwick wore the dress of a Field-Marshal of the day. All the chief personages of the period seemed to have risen out of the past, so vividly were they represented by the various distinguished guests. The courtly scene was indeed well worthy of the one castle in England which was never taken by any foe in days gone by.

SOME RARE FOREIGN STAMPS.

Philatelists had a rare feast set before them on Wednesday and Thursday, in St. Martin's Town Hall, when Messrs. Ventom, Bull, and Cooper spread out 470 stamps, some of which are here reproduced from the capital facsimiles accompanying the elaborate catalogue. The



following are some of the principal items: Ceylon, 4d. rose, imperforate and unused, £130; Tuscany, 60 crazie red, a pair, £30; Moldavia, 108 paras, unused, £35; Spain, 1851, 2 reals, unused, £32; Cape of Good Hope, the error, 4d. red, £52; Cape of Good Hope, the error, 1d. blue attached to a 4d., £65; Mauritius, post-paid 2d. blue, unique, £92; Mauritius, large fillet 2d. blue, £35; Réunion, first issue 15c., unused, £50.

"THE LATEST MILITARY MASHER."

A military masher is not uncommon enough to call for comment, for the dashing *militaire* do, one and all, love the ladies dearly, yet we do not often see so delightful and soldierly a creation as Mr. Maurice Farkoa is in his latest song, "The Military Masher." He has broken fresh ground, for he is now the property of Mr. George Edwardes, and made his *début* on Saturday in "An Artist's Model" at Daly's.

"Delighted, I'm sure," would have been the answer had Mr. Farkoa been English; but he is half French by birth, and wholly French in education and charm of manner, so he altogether depreciated his talents and general worthiness for so overpowering an honour and was profuse in his thanks for the suggestion.

"For," said he, "I am anxious now to become a London favourite if I can, and to see how theatre-goers like me, for I hope to gain their ears and hearts. In social circles I have had every success; but that is, of course, always on the same lines.

"I love London, and the only fault I have to find is with your climate; everything else is perfect, and your society is charming. One great point in my engagement with Mr. Edwardes is that he still allows me to continue my private engagements."

Mr. Farkoa tells some very amusing stories, in the most graphic way, of the anxiety of the British matron lest any of his sketches or songs



Photo by Hana, Strand.

MR. MAURICE FARKOA, SINGING "LE CHIC PARISIEN."

should be the least "risky," and how he has earned for himself that most enviable of reputations—of being "funny without being vulgar."

Curiously enough, Mr. Farkoa first made his name in songs of the East in French, English, Greek, and Turkish, which he has sung ever since he could speak, and his talents never left him; indeed, so remarkable did they become, that, though he is of entirely independent means, his friends persuaded him to adopt the concert platform professionally, and from it he has drifted on to the light opera stage, having been brought to that determination by his musical and dramatic successes.

To the stage he is certainly a great addition, for not only has he a beautiful voice, but he renders the music with verve and expression, whether it be a love song or the most humorous of ballads; and, lastly, his stage presence is exceptionally good. Of his Eastern home he speaks with true fondness, though, strange to say, he feels he could not now remain away from London for ever, though his holidays are always spent overlooking the blue waters of the Mediterranean, and while there he marvels that he is content to live at least nine months out of every twelve in our foggy atmosphere. His pleasure in returning only proves what creatures of habit and association we all become, and that artistic surroundings are of more value to the truly æsthetic mind than mere climate.

Mr. Farkoa has a French father and an English mother, was educated entirely in France, and adopted the musical profession only two years ago.

H. T.

"AN ARTIST'S MODEL," AT DALY'S THEATRE.

There is a great deal of play—far too much, indeed!—and very little real story; consequently, unless one admits that there are two stories—though they are not more closely connected than a man and his sister's husband's uncle—it is better, perhaps, not to attempt the task of telling the tale of "An Artist's Model." Yet it would be difficult to tell it in as clumsy a fashion as that of Mr. "Owen Hall." For the plot is so handled that the audience was in a state of wonder as to what bearing the different incidents bore to the general theme, until it lost all interest in the question, and some members of it greeted the last two or three scenes with such suggestions as "Chuck it!" "Cut the cackle!" and even "Go off!" It must not, however, be suggested that there is no story, since, indeed, there is one that has already done yeoman service.

The tale of the girl who preferred gold to love, who wedded and buried the rich man and came back to offer herself and his money to the man of her contemptible heart, is not exactly new. Nor is anyone surprised to find that No. 1 at first is wise enough to flout her, and then so foolish as to come after her when she is at the point of continuing, by a barter for a title, the career which began with a sale for money. However, this, the real subject of the inartistic muddle called "An Artist's Model," is of little importance. The one noteworthy thing about it is that, though the company contains several clever players, the acting parts of the piece were entrusted to Miss Marie Tempest and Mr. Hayden Coffin, whose histrionic gifts are very meagre.

One cannot apply to Mr. Owen Hall's work the phrase which Mr. Chevalier in "The Cloth of Gold" rendered popular, "funny without being vulgar," since the new piece is not funny; indeed, many of the audience thought that the converse of the phrase would be correct. I do not care to put myself on the side of the pruders—which is rarely that of the angels—perhaps I may say that sometimes ingenuity or wit can make me find pleasure in a slightly over-salted jest; but I think that the people in the pit were right in calling out "Too much of it!" when Miss Lottie Venne, as the schoolmistress, needlessly said in the presence of her pupils that one of them was going to leave because her father and mother were about to be married. It really is possible to have too much of a bad thing, and we had been already overdosed with mechanical jokes of a questionable character.

Mr. Owen Hall's ideas of humour seem almost limited to what is euphemistically called "smart" speeches, and if some people might deny that he was actually guilty of indecency, no one could pretend that he is always on the side of good taste. It is very easy to make jests upon matters of impropriety—so easy, that in the French comic papers for generations it has not been found necessary to seek other topics. Fortunately, we have adopted a different standard, and it is the pride and boast of our humorists that they have managed to exist without trespassing upon such a fertile field. No wonder, then, is it that, after a while, the author's jokes and his stale cynicisms about the incompatibility of love and matrimony fell flat. It should be added that, apart from any question of subject, Mr. Owen Hall's wit is upon a scarcely higher level than his gifts as a dramatist.

However, turning to a pleasanter subject, I may say that there is much in the inartistic muddle which gives pleasure. Mr. Sidney Jones has composed some charming music, and Mr. Harry Greenbank, though, unfortunately, he has sometimes taken tone from Mr. "Owen Hall," has written some clever lyrics. There was hardly a number that did not find well-deserved favour with the audience. Perhaps the plums are not of quite such a rich flavour as in "A Gaiety Girl"; yet, if the pudding had been palatable, they would have served admirably. Indeed, when Mr. George Edwardes has had the book judiciously revised, and dull scenes replaced by new songs and dances, I feel sure that "An Artist's Model" will be successful.

It was a wonderful cast. Unfortunately, many clever folk—for instance, Miss Leonora Braham, Messrs. Yorke Stephens, W. Blakeley, and E. M. Robson—had little to do; nor were the parts of Miss Lottie Venne and Mr. Eric Lewis really good. Miss Letty Lind, as an irrelevant romp, sang prettily and danced charmingly—everyone wanted to have more of her work. M. Maurice Farkoa sang very well in a "tacked-on" part. The singing of Miss Marie Tempest and Mr. Hayden Coffin pleased the house; however, nothing new can be said of it. Of the glories of the handsome ball-room scene and the beautiful dresses I have no space to speak this week, nor of the utter failure in the first act to give an idea of a Parisian studio or artist life.

MONOCLE.

THE OLYMPIC.

The fact that the New Olympic has once more returned to legitimate drama, and last week began with a capital performance of the popular Adelphi drama, "Shall We Forgive Her?" brings to mind the curious history of the theatre. The present theatre was built by Mr. Wilmot, of the Grand Theatre, Islington, on the site of the old theatre in what was once called the Via de Aldwych, in which you can easily trace Wych Street. In 1805, Craven House, that had sunk so low as to become The Queen of Bohemia public-house—after the style of the daughter of James I.—was pulled down, and the Olympic Pavilion was built on it by James Astley, out of the materials of a captured French war-ship, the Ville de Paris. After Astley had lost £10,000, the eccentric Elliston took it. In 1818 the theatre was rebuilt. The old house had a splendid history, in which the names of Madame Vestris, Charles Mathews, Mrs. Keeley, William Farren, and Gustavus Brooke played a great part,

and was burnt down in 1849. The next building, chiefly famous for the wonderful work of Robson, was pulled down in 1890.

In December, 1890, the present large, well-built theatre was opened, under the management of Mr. Wilson Barrett, with "The People's Idol," on a basis of popular prices. Unfortunately, though Mr. Barrett had, as leading lady, Miss Winifred Emery, while in his company were many excellent players, such as poor George Barrett, Messrs. Austin Melford and W. A. Elliot, he failed to draw the town. The theatre has the reputation of having engulfed more money than any house of its size in London.

Mr. Frank Harvey and the Mdle. Beatrice Company are no strangers to the house in Wych Street. Several times in the lifetime of Mdle. Beatrice, and later, in 1879, the company paid visits to the Olympic, and it was at this very theatre that Mr. Frank Harvey, under the same auspices, made his London *début*, in May, 1872, in "Our Friends," an English version of Sardou's "Nos Intimes," four years earlier in date than "Peril," the adaptation of the same play which Messrs. Clement Scott and B. C. Stephenson (then self-dubbed Saville Rowe and Bolton Rowe) made for the Bancrofts at the dear little old Prince of Wales's. Mr. Harvey had been associated with Mdle. Beatrice from the formation of her company in 1870, and on her death in December, 1878, the terms of her will contained a request that he would carry on the organisation under her name. This he has done with signal success indeed. In the sixteen years since then he has written many plays, generally of "strong domestic interest," with such pithy titles as "A Ring of Iron," "Fallen Among Thieves," and "The Wages of Sin." His company has a pleasant habit of remaining with him. Besides his wife, Miss Lizzie Baldwin, he has for years had as associates several sterling performers, prominent among whom is Mr. James Carter-Edwards, who claims to be descended from Edwards, Keeper of the Crown Jewels at the time of Colonel Blood's attempt to steal them, and who, quite apart from this, is one of the very best character-actors and melodramatic villains I have ever seen. In his youth he helped to support Mr. Charles Kean, Helen Faucit, and Amy Sedgwick. It will soon be twenty-five years since the Mdle. Beatrice Company was started, and this glance back over its history shows that I am right in terming the Olympic engagement an interesting one. I ought to add that the late Mr. T. N. Wenman, formerly of the St. James's and the Lyceum, was an important member of the company for the two first lustra of its existence.

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STREET.—The works of art and contents of the studios of the late Thomas Nelson MacLean, sculptor, will be on view and sold by ballot on Feb. 8 and 9, between the hours of 11 a.m. and 7 p.m., when the studios will be open to the public on presentation of cards and catalogues, to be obtained of A. E. Hubert, Esq., 24, Craven Street, Strand, W.C., or of Messrs. J. A. Lumley and Co., 35, St. James's Street (corner of Jermyn Street), Piccadilly, S.W., Auctioneers and Land Agents.

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"THE ORIENT," AT OLYMPIA: AFRICAN PRINCESS AND MAIDS.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MESSRS. RUSSELL AND SONS, BAKER STREET, W.

MISS ROSE LECLERCQ.

It was when the outer world was made hideous by crinolines, and by wall-papers which it is not decent even to mention, that Miss Rose Leclercq first took refuge in the one temple where beauty was still possible, the theatre. In the year 1863 she made a lasting fame—a fame which, after thirty-one years, shows no sign of wear or tear—by the speaking of one word, “Manfred!” This she spoke, of course, as Astarte—a being, one loves to think, guiltless even in 1863 of crinoline and chignon—when Samuel Phelps revived, at Drury Lane, Byron’s splendid imagination and impossible stage-play. That one word has its echoes still.

We can imagine how beautiful that apparition must have been. History, with its studied carelessness, has omitted to preserve the exact date of Miss Rose Leclercq’s birth; but in “Manfred’s” time she was, I believe, the youngest of a great stage-family famous for its beauty. Miss Carlotta Leclercq, much her elder, died a year or two ago; Mr. Charles Leclercq is still in Daly’s company. All the three were children of Charles Leclercq the elder, described by the historian as “a skilful ballet-master, pantomimist, and stage-manager, and also actor, in a certain range of parts.”

Astarte was not actually Miss Leclercq’s first part. In September, 1861, we find her already in London, the Mrs. Waverly of the original (English) production of John Brougham’s “Playing with Fire”; the piece was acted at the Princess’s, and Miss Carlotta Leclercq was the “Mrs. Savage” of the occasion. And at Drury Lane, in September, 1863—only three weeks before “Manfred”—the heroine of Mr. Burnand’s domestic drama, “The Deal Boatman,” was acted by Miss Leclercq junior.

There was a period of about seven years—from 1863 till 1875—during which Miss Rose Leclercq was one of the established “juvenile leading ladies” of London, acting for the most part at the Princess’s Theatre. The heroines of “After Dark”—almost the first of the Boucicault “sensation” plays—“Eileen Oge,” and “Ruy Blas”—this with Fechter at the Adelphi—were among her chief doings; while as Mrs. Ford (of the “Merry Wives”) she touched the borderland of that region of comedy in which she is now without a rival. Then, however, and for many following years, her present quality was precisely the one which was not associated with her. An excellent actress, a beautiful woman, she took her place among the foremost; but there was not a class of parts for which she was the one person indispensable—as there were then “Kate Terry parts,” and as there are “Rose Leclercq parts” now. But of these latter presently.

For some years after 1875 Miss Leclercq was seen chiefly in the provinces, where she played, for the most part, Galatea in Mr. Gilbert’s comedy, and Liz in a version of “That Lass o’ Lowrie’s.” Then she returned to London, and became the recognised actress of the beautiful but heartless patricians who triumph for three acts out of four over the simple rustic heroine, and have an effective exit in the fourth—defeated but epigrammatic, with a pause of several minutes on the door-handle.

Up till this time Miss Leclercq’s career had been distinguished, but not unique. Other famous actresses—one need but instance Mrs. Stirling—have begun as the juvenile heroine, developed into the leading lady, ended as the “old woman”; with success in each period, even if a very human world threw fewer bouquets to Juliet’s Nurse than to Peg Woffington. But Miss Leclercq, after passing through two of these stages, resolved, while it was full early, to make a third stage of her own—to devote herself mainly to distinctive characters of high comedy, even though they might have reached middle-age, or exceeded it. With characteristic sense and humour, she said that she would rather have people asking “Why *does* she play old women now?” than “Why *doesn’t* she?”

So the Pompadour, the wicked aristocrat in “Sophia,” the lady with a kind of a past in the “Village Priest,” were put aside for a series of studies in high life which stand quite alone on our modern stage. The foolish, prattling person of “A Woman of No Importance,” with her magnificent Wildean inconsequences, is possibly the most famous of these; but many another is unforgettable—that excellent horsey duchess, full of slang and good-nature, who almost saved the “Society Butterfly,” the dignified Marquise in “Caste,” a wonderful tiny sketch in “The Dancing Girl,” and, best almost of all, the *grande dame* of the snowy hair who chastens the New Women, not at all because she loves them.

How is one to say what it is that gives their special character to these parts when this actress has made them her own? Some of them might, in their inception, have been “Mrs. Kendal parts,” some “Mrs. John Wood parts”; but, once they have received the “Rose Leclercq” imprint, hers they all are, and no other’s. Perhaps it is the combination of so much dignity—given by true breadth of style, an imposing figure, and that noble bearing which comes from the finest of all trainings, a lifetime on the stage—the combination of this dignity with the quaint tones to which the voice drops now and again, the unexpected whimsicalities of a bassoon dressed up as a grand organ. These things are, of course, but the expression of a keen sense of the humorous, allied to a quick susceptibility to emotion; while the force and certainty of this expression are the result of the completest schooling in the player’s difficult, beautiful craft.

E. R.

THE WAR IN THE FAR EAST.

Writing of the war in the East, a correspondent says: Many authorities are of opinion that, in the event of the second naval station being captured, China will be only too glad to come to terms of peace with Japan, unless the demands of the latter Power are most unreasonable.

In Japan an indemnity of £50,000,000 was mentioned as the probable figure, but now half that figure, with the valuable island of Formosa, is supposed to be what China would be willing to yield. It would, however, be very difficult for outsiders to say what the terms may be, but one thing is very certain, and that is, that both Powers are pretty well at the end of their financial tether. If anything, China is in greater straits for money than is Japan. The attempt to float her last loan, of some £1,200,000, was a dismal failure, as she simply could not raise one penny in London. This would be some six months ago. But what is the present financial position of Japan? From the Yokohama papers of Dec. 15 and 20, it would appear that the first five per cent. war loan was quoted at 10 per cent. discount, and that the paper currency, as against hard dollars or yen, was at some 2 per cent. discount. Now, supposing the war continues until the end of April, by which time the invaders may reach Peking, it certainly looks as if Japan would, financially, be completely exhausted, unless she takes to issuing paper dollars or yen without limit, such, for instance, as the United States did in the early ‘sixties, or, in more recent times, as Russia and the Argentine have done. There can be no doubt that Japan is already getting tired of this war, and if peace could be attained it would be most desirable; and it looks most probable that, should Japan succeed in capturing Wei-hai-wei, and likewise the Chinese fleet, China, as already stated, would willingly yield to any reasonable terms rather than have this cruel war prolonged by the further



Photo by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.
MISS LECLERCQ AS LADY WARGRAVE AND MR. CYRIL MAUDE
AS COLONEL CAZENOVE IN “THE NEW WOMAN.”

siege and capture of Tientsin as well as Peking. All supplies, such as war material, ammunition, &c., have to come mainly by the Grand Canal, which is now mostly frozen over, and the distance from the Yang-tze to Peking must be quite one thousand miles, showing that the Chinese are, in a sense, cut off from communication with the outside world, as both the Gulf of Pechili and the Pichou are frozen over at this time of the year. If China, or the *literate* of China, had allowed Li Hung Chang to have his way, we should have seen a railway completed from, say, Hankow to Peking, or partially made by this time; but the extremely conservative clique would on no account allow a line to come even near Peking, as it meant defilement, or a foreign abomination. Possibly, the result of this war may open the eyes of even the *literate* to the benefits of railways. It is doubtful if there are more than two hundred and fifty miles of railway in all China, while the railway system of Japan must be getting close on, say, three thousand miles—simply wonderful progress for such a comparatively poor country as Japan. So far, Japan has shown little eagerness for peace. When China sent peace envoys to Korea the other day, they had no sooner come ashore than a mob greeted them with a hostile demonstration, and they had to be protected by a large force of police. After consulting with Mr. Foster, the envoys left in a special steamer for Ujina. The Japanese Press, while acknowledging that the present embassy shows a more sincere desire for peace on the part of China than did the Detring mission, believes that the negotiations will prove fruitless, as China at the present stage is not likely to agree to the Japanese demands.



MISS ROSE LECLERCQ AS LADY WARGRAVE IN "THE NEW WOMAN."

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY THE LONDON STEREOSCOPIC COMPANY, REGENT STREET, W.

IN A BETH HAMEDRASH.

We leave the West, which is just about to assume its gay evening aspect, and hasten to the City, where the roar and bustle of work are beginning to die away, and the platform of Aldersgate Street Station is crowded with factory-girls going home after the toil of their long day. There is scarcely time to note the many types, good, bad, and indifferent, that surround us on all sides, before the shrieking of whistles, grinding of brakes, and a blast of stifling hot air herald the arrival of the train. We get in, and five minutes later arrive at Aldgate. Through one or two streets on the eastern outskirts of the City and we arrive at St. James's Place. Up two flights of stone steps and we enter upon a scene which quickly causes us to forget our nineteenth-century life and surroundings.

A big room, with book-shelves ranged round all its four walls, a cheerful fire, and several long tables. As we enter, an old gentleman rises from his seat at the end of one of the tables and bids us a hearty welcome.

He is the Reverend B. Spiers, one of the greatest living Hebrew scholars, and founder of the class now assembled. In spite of the tempestuous night some dozen members have collected. They sit on either side of the table with covered heads and huge books before them. The Dayan, or Judge, as Mr. Spiers is called, resumes his seat and proceeds to expound some text. He is talking German at present, but in a few minutes will change the subject and the language. Meanwhile, at his suggestion, I look round at the book-shelves.

They are filled with ponderous and priceless old quartos and folios, some being centuries old. They are all printed in Hebraic characters, but contain Chaldean and German

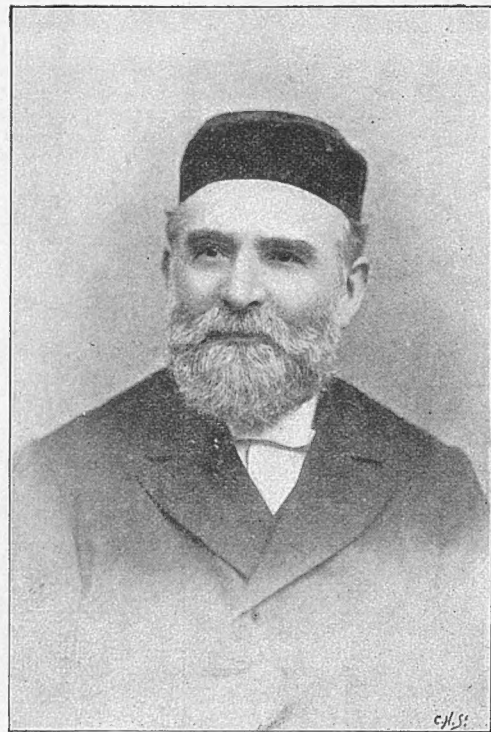


Photo by Bennett Clark, Darlington Street, Wolverhampton.

REV. B. SPIERS.

writing. The possession of any one of them would have sent its possessor to the stake in the old days, when witchcraft was believed in. My companion translates the title-pages for my benefit, and I see that most of the books were printed in Amsterdam or Vilna. Their contents consist, for the most part, of commentaries on various details of the Jewish faith, some written by commentators nearly a thousand years ago. I am busy looking at the contents of one of the numerous shelves, when the work in hand comes to an end, and we are summoned to take our seats at the table.

The class over which the good Dayan presides twice a week, without any payment whatsoever, is going through the Pentateuch, or five first books of the Old Testament, together with the Commentary of Rashi thereon. Rashi, one of the most celebrated commentators on the Bible, lived eight hundred years ago, and was born or lived in France. Progress is very slow. The class has arrived at the third book after about three years' study. In a curious sing-song voice, Mr. Spiers reads a verse from the Bible in Hebrew, and then, perhaps, to the two lines of text, a page of explanation. Every word, every syllable, almost every accent, is explained and expounded with a care and precision well-nigh incredible. When the explanation is over the pupils ask questions. Pupils is a strange word to apply to old men, but they are pupils in every sense of the word—foreigners in many cases, men who work hard for small wages in East-End workshops, whose holiday and hour of rejoicing come when, tired with the day's labour, they assemble in the Beth Hamedrash to listen to the explanation of their beloved Law. The logic of the great Rashi is sound, his arguments startle the hearer with their quaint simplicity, their simple faith. Now and again some pupil will raise an unexpected point, and the whole of the class will consider it. Their consideration is not haphazard; they cite the opinions of other commentators, show the exact significance of the Hebrew word in question, and demonstrate how clearly their judgment is fixed. These foreigners have picked up not a little English at the class, for they all know Hebrew, and the Dayan reads text and commentary in Hebrew first, and then translates into English. Much that sounds harsh in Jewish Law is very different when seen through the light thrown upon it by Rashi.

An hour has passed, and the lesson comes to an end. The great books are carefully put away, and we proceed downstairs to a little synagogue. There are several people in it already, mostly old men, studying the Talmud, the greatest commentary on the Jewish oral law. Our entry is the signal for evening service, which lasts about ten minutes or a quarter of an hour. The strangest part is the keen devotion with which it is enjoyed. From the very old man on one side, who will never see his seventieth year again, down to the little boy of ten or

twelve, there goes the same thrill of appreciation. Some of those present are very fine Hebrew scholars, understanding all the intricacies of observance. They leave the synagogue slowly, as with regret.

Outside the building and after the service I meet the Dayan, whose work for the day is over. It commenced at 7 a.m., when he reached the Beth Hamedrash, and is now terminating at 9.30 p.m. We have a chat about his work. Apart from his official position in the United Synagogue, he finds time to read a vast amount of Latin, Greek, and Hebrew literature, to write books dealing in simple language with the Talmud and other important works, to deliver lectures on great writers and their lives, and to establish classes for the benefit of his fellow-men. There are no fees in connection with his classes. Those who care to come are welcome, and he asks no other reward for his work than the knowledge that he has helped them to understand the Law to whose service his life is devoted. There is something passing strange to find faith flourishing so strongly in an age of Agnosticism, to find in places where men are worked until they cannot work any more, refreshment, encouragement, and happiness coming from the study of ancestral belief. Perhaps, in this devotion to religion, in the sublime hope of great and abiding reward beyond the grave, lies the secret of that endurance which has enabled the Jew to hold his own through the shadows of persecution and poverty, and has endowed him with sympathy for his unfortunate brethren in the hour of his success. Granting that this is so, no small praise is due to men who, like Mr. Spiers, devote their whole life to the service of their people, men who "do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame."

THEOCRITUS.

THE PLAYGOERS' CLUB.

The Playgoers' Club, thanks to the energy of its officials, does not seem to suffer from those moments of depression which affect its origin, the drama. Its debates are always lively, its dinners invariably bring out a crowd of theatrical enthusiasts, and not a few theatrical celebrities. The lion of the eleventh dinner, which was held on Jan. 27, was undoubtedly Mr. George Alexander. The manager of the St. James's has become the hero of that younger generation of playgoers, and his speech showed that his managerial policy precedes a well-conceived plan that is worthy of all support.



Designed by Albert Collings.

Produced by Carl Hentschel.

SMALL TALK.

The Queen moves to Windsor Castle next week, and will not return to the Isle of Wight until the middle of July. Her Majesty will be accompanied by Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, and will cross from East Cowes, in the royal yacht *Alberta*, to Portsmouth—where the naval and military authorities will receive the royal party—and will travel thence to Windsor *via* Basingstoke and Reading. During the Queen's residence at Windsor numerous royal and distinguished visitors will be received at the Castle on the regulation "dine and sleep" invitations. Her Majesty will come up from Windsor to Buckingham Palace for the February and the first of the March Drawing-Rooms.

At the former of these fashionable functions her Majesty will receive the members of the Corps Diplomatique, while the general presentations will be taken by the Princess of Wales, or, failing her, by Princess Christian. Since last season the Throne-room and the *Entrée*-room have been re-decorated. The Queen is to arrive at Buckingham Palace on Monday, the 18th inst., and her Majesty will return to Windsor on the following Wednesday evening, leaving Paddington about half-past five.

It is expected that there will be a very full attendance at the first Levée, which the Prince of Wales is to hold at St. James's Palace the last week

Mr. Hume-Dick, of Humewood, Co. Wicklow, and those who have enjoyed Mr. Dick's hospitality in the West of England can vouch for the beauty of the estate and the excellence of the shooting. The rent of Hinton St. George has, I believe, been about £1000 a year, but the cost of keeping up such an estate is, of course, very large. It will be a matter of interest to see, when the sale comes on, what price will be realised by an historic place of this magnitude in times so depressed. Is there no American millionaire who yearns for the honour of joining the ranks of "splendid pauperism"?

I find that a "constant reader" upbraids me this week with making a mild understatement as to King Arthur's jingoism in foreign parts, and quotes Sir Thomas Malory to the effect that the British King was crowned by the Pope after defeating the Roman Emperor Lucius. I did not quote Sir Thomas, whose "Arthur" is admittedly purely legendary, but Geoffrey of Monmouth, who *claims* to be historical, and whom Chambers in his "Book of Days" gives as follows in this connection—

The army of the Britons now proceeded on their march, and soon encountered the Romans, who had advanced into Gaul to meet them, but who, after much fighting and great slaughter, were driven out of the country with the loss of their commander, Lucius Tiberius, who was slain by Arthur's nephew, Walgan, the Gawain of later romance. At the approach of the following spring, King Arthur began his march to Rome, but as he was beginning to pass the Alps he was arrested by disastrous news from Britain.

According to the chronicler, Arthur returned at once to his native land,



Kathleen.

Mabel.

Evelyn.

THE MISSES WARREN.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY H. WHITLOCK, BIRMINGHAM.

in February. There will be a large number of official and quasi-official presentations, in addition to the general rush for which the first Levée of the season is always distinguished. It is to be hoped that the Lord Chamberlain's subordinates will make adequate preparations for a big crowd on this occasion, as last year there was much confusion owing to the defective arrangements which had been made.

The Princess Louise and Lord Lorne return this week to Kensington Palace. They will go to the Riviera early next month, and are to be abroad until the middle of April. They will be at Nice for a week or two during the Queen's stay at the Grand Hôtel de Cimiez.

There has been less shooting than usual in Windsor Great Park during the past season, and, although enormous bags were made by every party that did go out, there will still remain an immense stock of pheasants in the preserves. Prince Christian, who, as Ranger, is practically ruler of the park and all the arrangements, has steadily increased the supply of game in the covers since he took the command.

The Prince of Wales intends to give a series of large dinner-parties at Marlborough House during the next month.

Part of Hinton St. George, the magnificent Somersetshire seat of the Earls of Poulett, of which I recently spoke, has been let for some time to Mr. Quintin Dick, the inheritor of the bulk of the wealth of the late

and was slain in his great third battle with Mordred, who was also mortally wounded. This is my excuse for having given the "mild understatement."

The sisters Evelyn, Mabel, and Kathleen Warren, who are now appearing in the pantomime of "Robinson Crusoe," at the Theatre Royal, Birmingham, have been on the stage rather more than two years. They were born at Uppingham, in Rutlandshire, where their father practised as a solicitor. At the convent school at Boulogne where they were educated, they displayed a talent for singing and acting, and took part in amateur theatricals got up among the English residents. The two elder sisters, Evelyn and Mabel, took part, at Boulogne, in a performance of "Caste," the former playing the Marquise, and the latter Polly Eccles. The sisters have appeared in three pantomimes, the first at Bristol, 1892-3, "The Babes in the Wood"; the second, "Aladdin," at Brighton, 1893-4; and the present pantomime at Birmingham. In the spring of 1893 they were seen in town in "The Babble Shop," at the Trafalgar Theatre. Then they joined Mr. Courtice Pounds' opera company, which produced a triple bill of light operas; and they appeared at the Strand in "Jaunty Jane Shore." The three sisters have invariably preferred engagements in which they could all appear, and have declined offers which would lead to their separation in different companies. They are tall brunettes, strikingly handsome, and would make an admirable trio for drawing-room entertainments or light sketches, being accomplished musicians and vocalists.

The recent outrages, and the indignant letters sent to daily papers, have not particularly improved the state of Shaftesbury Avenue. There are ruffians innumerable, from the purlieus of Soho and Seven Dials, who find a harvest in the Avenue. To have one's pockets picked is bad enough, but to run the risk of being strangled is rather worse. A few nights ago, I strolled down from Piccadilly to Holborn, taking occasional turns down side-streets, and I saw enough to convince me that things are not as they should be. There was one particularly significant group of three men, standing in the shadow of a public-house. The nearest looked like a convict, another like an out-of-work poacher, and the face of the third was hidden. The street was very quiet, and they looked round and spoke softly when I passed. In another part, by the bird-shops, I saw two men whose aspect was absolutely villainous. I have no hesitation in suggesting that these fellows were on the look-out for an opportunity to plunder some passer-by, and that the police ought to be allowed to arrest them on the merest suspicion. Of course, they are not likely to attack resolute men, except from behind. I myself am in the habit of carrying a revolver when I am likely to be in these streets at a late hour, and should not hesitate to use it. Presumably, when a few more pedestrians have been maltreated, public opinion will force the authorities to take action.

Before leaving the subject, I would point out that Shaftesbury Avenue is, by night, one of the worst thoroughfares in London. Not only are the apparently inevitable evils of our London streets horribly predominant, but the place is the resort of thieves, garroters, bullies and touts of the lowest description. Woe betide the man who does not know his way about! All round Soho, in streets leading on to the Avenue, are hells of every kind, and their existence must be well known to the police. It was fondly imagined that the erection of the Palace Theatre would do all that might be necessary to cleanse these Augean Stables, but the improvement that has, so far, taken place is insufficient. Scarcely a night passes without its tale of robbery or blackmail. People who have suffered are afraid to confess it, and the inevitable result is that the evils continue. All people are agreed that we have a splendid police force, but the section responsible for the order of Shaftesbury Avenue requires either careful revision or enlarged powers. No citizen can be satisfied with the existing state of things. This is essentially an era of Commissions. Why do not the powers that rule and tax us appoint a Commission to inquire into the condition of our streets, and suggest such remedies as may serve to stamp out the evils to which I have briefly referred?

"Sweet are the uses of advertisement," as Shakspeare sang, or should have sung, some three hundred years ago. Granted that this is so, there are striking exceptions, and one of these met a friend of mine only last week, and hurt him very much. His photograph appeared in a certain illustrated periodical, a beautiful island set in a silver sea of comment. For the next few days my friend received flattering letters from friends and relatives, and divers people who had forgotten his existence came to renew their acquaintance. He was just going to a hatter to get new head-gear to fit his head, which had rather swollen, when the postman brought him yet another letter. Opening it with the air of a man to whom further congratulation is a weariness, he found a painful surprise awaiting him. The letter was from certain tradesmen of a famous University town. They wrote to say that, owing to the appearance of his photograph in the paper, they were able to recognise him as their debtor for several small accounts rendered, but unpaid, during his college term. They did not know his address until the innocent interviewer gave them a clue to it, and they would be glad, if he would send them his cheque by return, in order to save any unpleasantness. My friend was so overcome by this epistle that for several minutes he seemed uncertain whether to laugh or to cry. Finally, he did neither. He swore.

The fascinations of Transatlantic "song-and-dance" actresses are too well understood of our young intelligences over here to need an accent on the vowel. They come, convince, and enslave as a natural consequence. But in Berlin—feudal, and, to an extent, conservative Berlin—a sensation can still be caused by the subjugation of man at the shrine of the sacred lamp. So, last week, when an elopement took place between the son of a former Ambassador to London and a burlesque beauty, formerly of New York, Teutonia was shaken to the very depths of her back drawing-rooms—at least, in the capital. And the erring young nobleman has had more head-shakings and hand-liftings over his meteoric departure than a dozen such social shocks would occasion in accustomed England—at least, so says my Court guide, gossip, and correspondent.

Dr. Edward Aveling has been away from London for some six months past, seeking health in the Seilly Islands, where he has been tenderly cared for by Mrs. Eleanor Marx-Aveling. In truth, he has been very seriously ill indeed, and is not quite himself again yet. During his absence he has grown a short black beard. He is now sufficiently well to use his brain and pen once more; and he is a fortunate man, in that all his old posts have been kept open for him.

Those who have passed the cold months in the West Indies—which, by the way, has become quite a fashionable winter resort—and who have there had the pleasure of meeting Colonel J. H. Sandwith, C.B., late Administrator at St. Vincent, will learn with sincere regret of that gentleman's death, after a few days' illness. Colonel Sandwith only returned to England a short time since, and it was but at Christmastide that I saw him well and hearty, and delighted with his new appointment as Administrator at Dominica. Now a severe chill, followed by an

attack of peritonitis, has terminated fatally, and has cut off a most valuable public servant and a most charming companion, at the early age of forty-eight.

An exhibition of menu cards would be interesting, especially if they were as descriptive as that which Mr. Proctor designed for the banquet of the Savage Club at which Mr. Alderman Treloar recently presided.



With more than a formal expression of regret, I have to record the death of Mr. Cannon, who, till recently, was the "reader" for this paper. Authors in all generations have paid high tributes to the scholarly labours of "readers," who rescue them daily and hourly from blunders which, in unwary moments, escape their pens. Of the many able "readers" whom I have met, no one was more punctilious than the late Mr. Cannon. A varied career had supplied him with vast accumulations of general knowledge, and, added to this, were carefully compiled booklets in which he registered unusual names, words, places, and events. Thus equipped, his queries were a continual source of wonder and admiration to the talented writers who fill our columns. The "infinite capacity for taking pains" was certainly his; and, though authors and compositors might resent his almost pedantic "marks," yet one was bound to recognise the extraordinary enthusiasm for accuracy possessed by Mr. Cannon. He would spend hours of his leisure time in verifying a quotation, or in ascertaining the correctness of a name, rivalling that famous writer who came up from the country specially to insert a comma. Such men are an honour to a profession whose wearying labours are too often overlooked by the world of letters, which owes them so much gratitude. Mr. Cannon had been prevented by painful illness from attending for several weeks to his accustomed tasks, and succumbed last week. He was a devout Roman Catholic, and had many pleasant reminiscences of Cardinal Manning and other upholders of his faith.

There are some breathless moments in life for most of us when the eternal fight with circumstance is focussed into a trebly desperate tug-of-war. But the life of a big-game hunter exceeds the mere ordinary record by many lengths, judging from Mr. Selous' stirring reminiscences which he gave us some evenings since at the Imperial Institute. Modesty is a primary virtue of the mighty hunter, and he hastened to point out that shooting the sedate and portly elephant was easier work than, *par exemple*, pinking a flighty pheasant. But the audience, no doubt, accepted such disclaimer with reservations, in view of the screens which they saw covered with trophies of the lecturer's skill—deer, lion, antelope skins, and quite a Bluebeardian collection of heads, giving good evidence of the pretty play Mr. Selous can make as a marksman. Of such incidents as lying half asleep in a canvas tent while lions walked round it, breathing hard in the speaker's ear, and yearning to taste it, Mr. Selous has had enough and to spare. He annoyed an elephant by shooting him in the shoulder, and this ungenerous animal tried to kneel on him in return, which was the "nearest thing" to being stamped out of existence that had ever happened. We all felt very enthusiastic, and envied this mighty master of gore and glory. But, after all, there are compensations to the meek-minded in civilisation, and, for my part, a grandfather-chair and the *Yellow Book* content me as much as buffalo or laughing jackass through any winter afternoon.

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MILITARY TOURNAMENT IN BOMBAY.

Photographs by F. B. Stewart, Poona.



DUMB-BELL DRILL BY EUROPEANS.



NATIVE CAVALRY MANŒUVRES.

A NEW RECRUIT TO THE SAVOYARDS.

Photographs by Alfred Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.



MISS EDITH JOHNSTON IN "MIRETTE,"

Miss Edith Johnston is a favourite and *protégée* of Mr. and Mrs. D'Oyly Carte. In face, manner, and general charm she is quite a diamond edition of Miss Florence St. John, and it is her ambition to understudy that popular *prima donna*. Miss Johnston is a native of Birmingham, and one would hardly accuse her of having passed her twentieth birthday. She was educated at the King Edward's Grammar School in her native city, and while there undertook the part of Josephine in a children's performance of "Pinafore," for from a baby she had always been devoted to acting and singing. After she left school her family had considerable monetary losses, and at first she earned "pin-money" with her brush, for she is no mean artist, and her parents were somewhat averse to her becoming an actress. However, in October, 1892, she was allowed to sing to Mr. Carte, and he spoke so enthusiastically of her voice and style that she went to London, and, two months later, joined the Savoy company, making her *début* in "Jane-Annie," and at once becoming understudy to Miss Emmie Owen. Mr. Carte placed her under Mr. Henry Blower for singing, and Mr. D'Auban for dancing. When "Jane-Annie" went on tour, Miss Owen happened to sprain her ankle when the company was in Birmingham, so that Miss Johnston played the part there for a week, scoring much success in it. In "Utopia" she had a pretty part, and in "Mirette" she led the dancing-girls. As Maraquita in "The Chieftain" she has certainly made a "hit," and, though her part is small, she is glad she did not accept a larger one offered her by Mr. Edwardes and Mr. Gilbert in "His Excellency," for she is thoroughly happy in her surroundings, and a general pet. Indeed, in the company she goes by the name of "Johnnie," and sometimes "Little Johnnie." Miss Johnston also has some literary talent, and devotes many of her spare moments to writing a story, and is proud to number Mr. J. M. Barrie and Dr. Conan Doyle among her friends. H. T.



AS A DANCING-GIRL IN "MIRETTE,"



AS MARAQUITA IN "THE CHIEFTAIN."



MISS EDITH JOHNSTON AS MARAQUITA IN "THE CHIEFTAIN,"

AT THE SAVOY THEATRE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS, UPPER BAKER STREET, N.W.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.



MY DEAR HENRY,—I hear you are back from the East. I don't suppose your left hand has forgotten its cunning, so will you drive the Club Coach down to Epsom on Wednesday next? Send me a line here, and, if your answer be in the affirmative, so much the better.—Yours till we meet,
AXBRIDGE.

The foregoing letter from Lord Axbridge was handed to Henry Martindale as he entered his club on the Monday in Derby week on his return from Tattersall's, where he had just been fortunate enough to secure two true-made five-year-old horses that looked like carrying him to the front over the grass during the following season.

"That will suit me down to the ground," soliloquised he, and turning into the writing-room, he proceeded to gladden the heart of his Lordship by answering to his satisfaction. On the Wednesday morning at the appointed time Henry Martindale mounted the box-seat of the Club Coach, and drove down to Epsom. Having taken up his position on the hill, he had just unearthed his hat-box from the boot, and was in the act of exchanging his decidedly dusty pot-hat for a high one, when an open carriage, in which were seated four bookmakers, drew up close to them, the occupants of which proceeded at once to alight. Nodding to one of the quartet whom he knew, Martindale was preparing to stroll leisurely down to the Paddock, when his acquaintance came up and said, "Pardon me, Sir, but my friend here is most anxious to make, or rather, I should say, renew, his acquaintance with you."

"I think he must be mistaken," said Henry Martindale, "as, to the best of my belief, I have never set eyes on him before."

"Oh, but you have, Sir," said the stranger; "and for more than six years I have been longing to see you again. If you will allow me to walk with you as far as the Paddock, I feel sure that I can recall to your memory where and how we last met."

Martindale had a good look at him, but no, he was positive that they had never met before.

"Do you remember the Chester Cup Meeting of—, Sir?"

"Certainly I do," said Henry Martindale. "I was there, and had a good meeting, too."

"Well, you came to me just before the last race. I had a big crimson umbrella up, and my partner and I were betting under it just across the course, opposite Tattersall's ring. You took four ponies about Kingmaker, and being, I suppose, accustomed to bet on the nod in the ring, you forgot, after the race, that ours was a ready-money wager. Well, Sir, I waited till almost everybody had left the course, and you never came for your money. 'These swells are awful careless, Bill,' said I, as we decided to pack up our traps and quit. 'Careless, be hanged!' said he. 'I take it as a bit o' real good luck, and the only bit as we've had this blessed day, as he hasn't come for his money. If we'd paid him, I'm blessed if I know how we could have come racing to-morrow. We've had an awful day, and if you pay this £125—you had posted your pony, mind you—we've got just twenty-seven shillings and a return ticket to take us back to London and pay the bill of the lodgings.' Well, I was never so tempted in all my life before or since; but you had trusted me with your pony."

"I remember all about it now," said Martindale. "I had been across to a coach for a glass of wine, and the horses had gone down to the post; so, instead of backing Kingmaker in the ring, I backed him with you, as I knew you well by sight, and you had a capital reputation."

"Thank you for that, Sir."

"Yes, of course; and you came up to me that night in the hall at the Grosvenor Hotel and paid me."

"Yes, Sir, that's true; and then something in your face made me think that I would ask you the biggest favour I ever did ask a man in the whole course of my life, and I told you that I was broke and asked you to lend me a little bit to go on with, and you said, 'Look here, I've had a real good day; I won fourteen fifties over the Cup, besides backing Kingmaker and Destiny, and you must keep this hundred pounds, at all events, till the luck has fairly turned with you.' I took it, and the next day we had a grand time of it, and everything has gone well with me since. I have had six good years. I am about the biggest man in the ring now, and I owe it all to you. I asked you your name at the time, and I have never forgotten it. I have never been on a racecourse since without looking for you. They told me you had had an awful doing at Ascot that year and had exchanged to a regiment in India."

"Yes, that is quite true," said Martindale; "I don't mean to give myself the chance of being in the same boat ever again. A fiver is the extent of my wager nowadays, and the modest sovereign is the amount that I generally invest when I do bet—which is not on every race, as it was in my salad days."

"There you show your sense, Sir. If all backers were as careful as that, we bookmakers might put up the shutters; but you must be guided by me to-day, and you must back Sir Lancelot to win you a good stake."

"But surely he can't beat the mare?"

"I think he just about can, Sir."

"What is his price?"

"You let me put a bit on him, Sir; I will get you the best price I can—probably forty to one."

By this time they had reached the Paddock. "There is my clerk," said Mr. Grimshaw; and, beckoning to a little man with a pair of blue spectacles and a white hat, he said, "At last, Sir, let me do what I began to fear I never should be able to do, and that is to pay you the hundred pounds you so kindly lent me, and which has made me what I am at this moment."

"Upon my word," said Henry Martindale, "I am really half inclined to play up the hundred pounds for once in a way, and back this horse with it."

"I don't think you will regret it if you do, Sir. One favour more I must ask of you, please, and that is, that you will come and lunch with us after the race. It is a bit late, I know, but I never lunch till the Derby is over. If we win, it is delightful to talk about it; and if we lose, we are sorely in need of a little consolation in the shape of a drop of the Boy."

"I shall be delighted," said Henry Martindale, knowing that, under the circumstances, he could easily explain matters to his own party, and feeling what pleasure he would be giving his friend the bookmaker, who was evidently a real good fellow, and whose gratitude for past favours was positively refreshing.

"Good-bye, then, till after the race," said he, and, after taking stock of the various competitors in the Paddock, he made his way back to the coach.

"Well, Martindale, old chap," said Lord Axbridge, as he mounted on to the coach again, "who is your friend?"

"It is quite evident that you don't often go racing," said Admiral Cartret; "he is only the biggest bookmaker in the ring, that's all!"

"I fancied he was well up the ladder," said Martindale, "from what he said." He then gave them a summary of his conversation, the result being that the Admiral, who dearly loved a bit of romance, planked it down heavily.

"Dammee," said he, "in one's humble way, one likes a romantic wager like this. One doesn't often win, but, dammee, one will have a cut in this time. Time was when I would have put my shirt on a tip like this."

"You must have been deuced short of shirts, then, sometimes, Admiral, when you were a rosy-cheeked middy," said Lord Axbridge. "Here they come! Upon my word, that Sir Lancelot moves as well as anything; but they can't expect to beat the mare, surely?"

"No knowing what may happen this time of year," said the Admiral.

At last the bell rang, and, after what seemed to the anxious watchers hours of suspense, the field came into view at the top of the hill, and as they rounded Tattenham Corner they were all in it.

St. Moritz, however, cracked half way down the hill, then loud shouts proclaimed the victory of La Reine as she shot out from the ruck like a meteor, only to retire again when challenged right and left by Beauregard and Sir Lancelot, the latter of whom got his head in front at the bell, and, holding his own to the finish, won cleverly by a length.

"Dammee!" said the Admiral; "what did I tell you? We all deserve to be shot. Never was such a tip! What do you win, Martindale?"

"I really don't know," said he. "My friend, who told me about the horse, backed him for me. He thought he might get forty to one; and if he did, I win four thousand pounds, as I had a hundred pounds on."

"Ah, here you are, Sir!" said Mr. Grimshaw, the bookmaker, as Martindale descended from the coach a few minutes afterwards. "I hope we haven't kept you waiting too long; couldn't come away till we had heard the two magic words, you know. I have won a real big stake. I backed him again after I met you, it seemed such a good omen."

"I think I am the person most to be congratulated," said Martindale, "as, had I not met you, I should have had a fiver on the wrong one." After a capital luncheon, Martindale and his friend parted, but not before Mr. Grimshaw had informed him that he had taken £4000 to £100 for him.

Under the circumstances, the writer of this story thinks that the heading, "Cast your bread upon the waters," is very fairly applicable. So, at all events, thought Henry Martindale, when, on the following Monday, he received a cheque from Mr. Grimshaw for £4100.

FRED COTTON.

"So you want to marry my son?" said the stern mamma to the Emancipated Woman.

"I do."

"Can you support him in the manner in which he has been accustomed?"

"I can."

"Then take him and be happy."—*Life*.

THE ART OF THE DAY.

Mr. Herbert Schmalz has taken up the rôle of a prominent religious painter, and we are fain to confess that his acting of the character is likely to be extremely popular. His latest essay in the art of painting religious pictures hangs now at the Dowdeswell Galleries amid much pomp and circumstance. It is the custom to exhibit such portentous productions as "The Resurrection Morn" in connection with ceremonial solemnities—as one has expressed it, "in a chamber reverentially darkened, and at the end of a long vista of maroon cloth." Wise spectators will, however, not take such adventitious encouragements for the achievements of true art; indeed, we are somewhat inclined to rate those encouragements as customarily a compensation for such achievements.

Mr. Schmalz's picture, then, represents the tomb of Christ at the moment when the pious women approach it on the morning of the Resurrection, to find it guarded by angels. The light streams upon the women from the radiance of the angels, and, away in the distance, the blue light which is "the mother of the dawn"—in Stevenson's exquisite phrase—slightly illuminates the scene. It sounds very nice. There is a certain fluent gracefulness in the composition of the angel-group, and the women surrounding the sepulchre have a theatrical, not to say a melodramatic, effect. There, however, even one's record of impressionableness must cease. If one looks at the picture from any high standard, from the point of view of exquisiteness of character, refinement of painting, solidity of modelling, or delicacy of colour, one must conclude sorrowfully, with the writer already quoted, that "the efforts of Mr. Schmalz are likely to leave religious art exactly where they found it."

The exhibition of Scots art at the Grafton Galleries has brought the name of George Jamesone, "the Scottish Vandyck," into greater prominence than ever he has been before. Of course, his work is

familiarly known and prized in Scotland, where most of the old reigning families can show excellent specimens of it; but on this side of the Border he is little known, even to experts. Jamesone is quite up to date, for an important discovery has just been made with regard to him.

Where did Jamesone get his training? That has always been a great crux. When Mr. John Bulloch published his biography of the painter,



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THE HORSE FAIR.—W. FRANK CALDERON.

Exhibited at the Royal Academy.

a few years ago, he was able only to repeat the tradition that Jamesone studied at Antwerp, in the *atelier* of Rubens, and that Vandyck was one of his fellow-students. A searcher in the Edinburgh Guildry Registers last March came on an entry, under date May 27, 1612, which shows that Jamesone was indentured for eight years to an uncle, John Anderson, who was a "painter" in Edinburgh. What sort of "painter" he was is uncertain—possibly not an artist, because mention is never made of any such artist. This discovery leads to the conclusion that the tradition



A MORNING CRUISE.—W. M. WARNEUKE.

of his study under Rubens is mythical. On the other hand, if Jamesone developed from an artisan into an artist, it says a great deal for his native ability.

Jamesone was an Aberdeen man, and the Granite City is exceedingly proud of him. It has, strangely enough, always been strong on art, for it gave the world G. P. Chalmers and John Philip—both of whom are exhibited at the Grafton—to say nothing of the present President of the Scottish Academy, Sir George Reid. It should be noticed that John Philip, too, started his career as a house-painter, thus (possibly) following the steps of Jamesone, the father of Scottish art.

The election of Mr. George Clausen to the Associateship of the Royal Academy should be regarded with pleasure and a sense of congratulation. Mr. Clausen has been for some years universally recognised as one of the cleverest of those knocking patiently at the Academy's doors for admission; and, even among the most superfine critics, his claims to distinction have been allowed on all hands. It is true that he is, perhaps, not unimpeachably original. Many of his younger and best pictures, which were hung in the Grosvenor Gallery, although beautiful and extremely interesting, derived their spirit from the most modern and the most artistic of Parisian schools.

Yet that election has not gone altogether without grumbling, particularly on the part of one among those very superfine critics whose first law of art runs, "The Academy can do no right." This critic objects to Mr. Clausen because, "apparently," as he quaintly puts it, he has already done his best work; and, therefore, as he logically concludes, the Academy remains shut, as heretofore, against the claims of young men of promise. Of all arguments, this seems to us the feeblest in the world. We are quite sure that it is a perpetual grievance to this critic that Mr. Whistler has never been elected to Academic honours, as it was also that Mr. Albert Moore, during



"If in man's bosom you desire
Each throbbing chord to sweep,
Tune not to notes of joy your lyre,
But sing of hearts that weep."

A HEART THAT WEEPS.—MOSCHELES.

Exhibited at Mr. Ichenhauser's Gallery, Brook Street, W.

his lifetime, never achieved that station. Would the same critic maintain that neither of these two artists had done his best work? And, really, if you have nothing better to urge against the Academy than to upbraid it for admitting men who are in the summer of their prime in preference to "young men of promise," you had better keep silent on the subject altogether. And, as "R.A.M.S." observed, in protest against this point of view, if the Academy has ever erred grievously, it has been just by the admission of men whose promise, alas! never reached performance.

That the Academy was wise in preferring Mr. Clausen to Mr. Edwin Abbey cannot reasonably be doubted. Mr. Abbey is certainly an artist of considerable parts, and he has quite recently added appreciable cubits to the height of his popularity. But it is quite certain that the man in the street, to whom the Royal Academy means anything at all, regards it as a solemn British institution quite as much as a body for organising an annual picture-show. The acceptance of a second American artist so soon after the election of Mr. Sargent would doubtless have, therefore, been highly impolitic, even from a public point of view.

A correspondent of the *World* has a very pertinent question to ask *à propos* of Mr. Poynter's recent letter to the *Times*, asking for funds in aid of the British School of Art in Rome. Mr. Poynter speaks of it as having been started and endowed some sixty or seventy years ago, of its having been recently removed from a prominent to an obscure street, of the British Minister

taking it afresh under his protection, with other observations to a similar effect. The correspondent in question remarks relevantly that Mr. Poynter tells us either too much or too little. He has made some inquiries, and, having himself never heard of this ancient institution, he also finds many artists to share his ignorance. "What endowment," he asks, "does it possess? Who endowed it?"



THE CRUCIFIXION.—EARLY FLEMISH SCHOOL.
Exhibited at Mr. Ichenhauser's Gallery, Brook Street, W.



DEATH OF THE VIRGIN.—LUCAS CRANACH.
Exhibited at Mr. Ichenhauser's Gallery, Brook Street, W.

MR. ALGERNON GRAVES.

The pages of literature contain many striking illustrations of the masterly uses of what is called "spare time," that *otium* from public labours which has been devoted by many eminent men to the fulfilment of some recreative yet enduring task. Hence the trite saying that the busiest man has the most leisure.

It was in a quiet part of such leisure that I found Mr. Algernon Graves, the well-known compiler of the "Dictionary of Artists." All connected with the art world already appreciate the monumental industry and perseverance which the compilation of such a work has entailed. A short sketch, therefore, of Mr. Graves's methods should be of interest not only to artists and connoisseurs, but to many others.

Everything has a beginning, and frequently accident shapes the design.

In 1873 it appears that Mr. Graves set out one frosty night to visit his uncle, the Royal Academy Associate, who was very ill. The mission was decidedly affectionate, as Mr. Graves carried in a bag a few bottles of a rare brand of champagne. On the road he slipped and fell. With characteristic tenaciousness, he not only stuck to the bag, but preserved the champagne intact.

Result: in bed himself for eight weeks. Lying there, when pain had ceased, he felt the need of doing something. Previously he had had the idea of taking out all the details of the exhibited pictures of Sir Joshua Reynolds. What better, then, than to extend his labours to other artists? Forthwith he set to work on the Royal Academy Catalogues from 1769.

That was the beginning, and in Mr. Graves's room may be seen ten huge volumes of manuscript, in which the Academy Catalogues from 1769-1893 are stripped, analysed, and arranged. Should any connoisseur be on the quest of some forgotten painter, Mr. Graves has him from A to Z.

Other tomes catch the eye, and Mr. Graves explains that the names and works of exhibitors at the British Institution from 1806-1867, at Suffolk Street from 1824-1893, are contained in another set of ten. Four volumes are given up to the Society of Artists (1760-1791) and the Free Society (1761-1783). The Grosvenor Gallery (1876-1890) and the New Gallery take three more, these volumes containing a perfect mine of information concerning the works of Sir Edward Burne-Jones.

The book devoted to the Old Water-Colour Society (1805-1893) contains a valuable record of Copley Fielding's drawings, and in five other volumes the complete Exhibition history of the New Water-Colour Society, known now as the Royal Institute, is written out by the indefatigable Mr. Graves.

But this bewildering list is not yet finished. There are eleven miscellaneous books, including accounts of the Portland Gallery (1848-1861), and the Old Dudley Society (1865-1882), also the Institute of Painters in Oil from 1883. The Portland Gallery set is noteworthy for its full London exhibition history of Rossetti's works, namely, two only; and, to show the thoroughness of Mr. Graves's methods, it need only be stated that he tackled the Portland Gallery series purely on account of Rossetti being absent from every other Metropolitan exhibition.

It will be at once understood that the printing of these manuscript volumes would be a colossal task, and this will be better grasped when it is stated that Mr. Graves's published "Dictionary of Artists" represents but the index to the whole of his labours.

He has the laudable intention of presenting his collected manuscripts some day to the British Museum, and such an act should bring him honour and confer a lasting benefit to future writers on art.

Mr. Graves is full of anecdote, not only drawn from his own wide experience, but from that of his celebrated father, Mr. Henry Graves. He relates an interesting recollection of Turner. The eccentric genius had paid the Graves family a visit, and, on taking his leave, did himself the bad turn of falling downstairs. Up he got, and moaned out

that his painting-thumb was "knocked up." But Mr. Graves's mother came to the rescue with that time-honoured liniment known as opodeldoo. In the words of Mr. Graves, "My mother rubbed his thumb with this until Turner confessed that it was all right again. After that, though, the dear old lady always used archly to say that all Turner's pictures from that time were painted by her."

He narrates, with much circumstantial detail, the account of the disastrous fire in the Haymarket in 1867. Mr. Graves was an ardent volunteer at the time, and on the day in question, when returning from drill, he heard that there was a fire in the Haymarket. Rushing thither, he found that the fire had already reached his father's picture-galleries, and the horror of the situation was rendered more intense from the fact that, only that morning, six valuable Gainsboroughs (which had been loaned for engraving purposes) should have been sent back to their homes, but had remained on the premises. These pictures were worth at least £40,000, and the insurance policies had not been altered. Besides, Mr. Graves remembered that the dean of a well-known Oxford college had lent one,

without going through the formal delay of getting full permission.

With all these glowing facts in his mind, Mr. Graves rushed into the already smoking gallery. Strong and hardy though he was, and nerved to double strength, he was not capable, alone, of saving all the works of art; and yet, incredible though it may appear, for some time he was totally without assistance while he dragged one picture after another out of danger. The glass roof by this was red-hot, and he had a merciful escape when it fell crashing into the gallery. The police, of course, kept out the crowd; but at last Mr. Graves was compelled to ask for assistance, and a great burly fellow dashed in, asking for a task. The college picture, which Mr. Graves had endeavoured to drag forth, but had failed, owing to the great weight of the plate-glass covering, was still unsaved. Mr. Graves directed his ally, through the smoke and debris, to the whereabouts of the precious portrait, hoping against hope. Then the firemen came, and Mr. Graves accompanied them upstairs.

In the meantime, the saved pictures had been carried over to the United Service Club. Carefully the two hundred odd pictures were examined. Some scores were scrutinised. Mr. Algernon Graves knew he had saved five of the loaned paintings; had the unknown assistant succeeded with the sixth? It was the last: the picture, the Dean, the College, the Graveses, were saved.

One of the Gainsboroughs, a portrait of Sir Henry Bate Dudley, known as the "Fighting Parson," was the subject, in 1770, of a piece of art-criticism which Mr. Graves has unearthed from one of the journals of the period. The

representative of the Church militant is portrayed along with a favourite dog (sporting, of course). Thus the staccato critique of the journal—

Man wants execution: dog, hanging.

Truly a capital and punishing piece of criticism!

A propos to portraits, Mr. Graves's labours include a manuscript work which should be of immense value to biographers of historical personages. Concurrently with his other researches, he has noted, under the headings of those personages, the portraits painted of them. For instance, should anyone desire to know the portraits extant of Mr. Gladstone, at once Mr. Graves can supply the information. He has also collected, in four manuscript volumes, particulars of all the Old Masters exhibited in London since 1813; and perhaps he is the only person living who can, by reference to his own records, correct or justify the "Records of Art Sales" by George Redford.

It will naturally be understood that Mr. Graves is a specialist on the works of certain masters; and when it is stated that he is the recognised authority on Reynolds, Gainsborough, and Landseer, connoisseurs will appreciate the importance of such a standing. Then, too, as Vice-President of the Printsellers' Association, he occupies a position of considerable responsibility. In fact, Mr. Graves is a perfect type of the busy man.

A. C. R. C.



MR. ALGERNON GRAVES.

Photo by Mendelssohn.

THE BOOK AND ITS STORY.

"THE NIGHTS OF STRAPAROLA."*

Straparola, so far as the man himself goes, is but a name. All that is known of him is that he was born, somewhere near the end of the fifteenth century, at Caravaggio—then a place of some renown—in North Italy. Of the famous "Notti," the first part was published in Venice in 1550, and the second part three years after. They passed through sixteen editions in twenty years, were translated a quarter of a century after their appearance into French, and into German by the end of the sixteenth century. Through these channels, and through translations of a few of the stories into English, the general drift of the



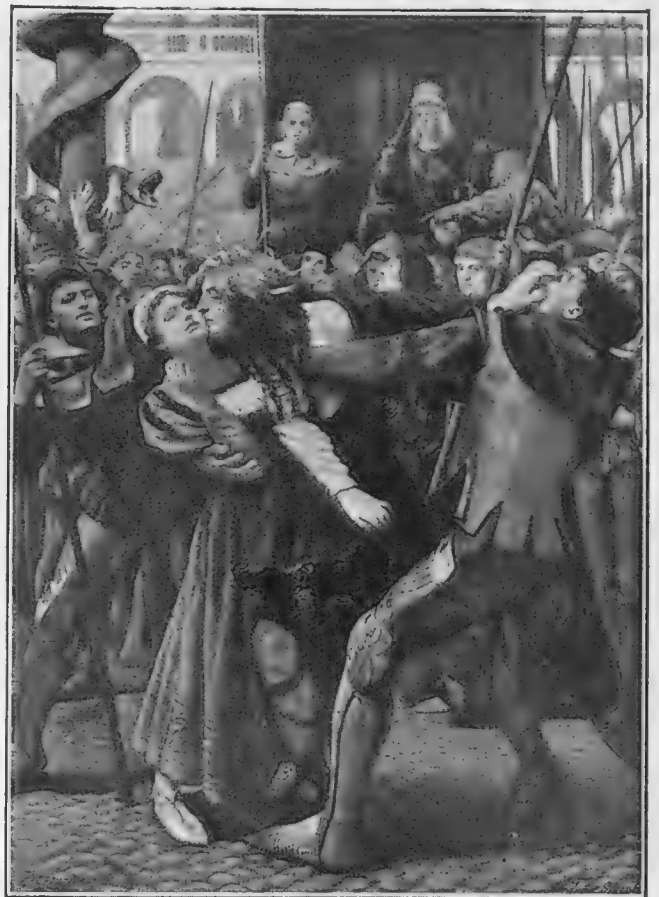
BIANCABELLA, AND SAMANTANA HER SNAKE SISTER.—E. R. HUGHES.

"Notti" became known in this country. But no reference to Straparola occurs in the older editions of Dunlop's "History of Fiction"—an omission repaired in Mr. Wilson's revision of that book—and the man who, as Professor Crane says, was "the first to introduce the fairy-tale into modern European literature" has waited for nearly three hundred and fifty years for his English translator. Certainly not in vain, for Mr. Waters' rendering of the stories is perfect; he has done the work once and for all.

Adopting the setting of Boccaccio, whose "Decameron" was published two centuries earlier, Straparola groups his seventy-four stories round a fictitious incident. Political unquiet causes a bishop-elect and his daughter Lucrezia to quit Milan and take refuge on the island of Murano, near Venice. There, till the approach of Lent interrupts the pastime, thirteen nights (*tredecim notti*) are spent by the dames and their cavaliers in story-telling, songs, dances and riddles, for when each story is ended the Signora Lucrezia requires the narrator to propound an enigma, which is then set forth in verses conveying a *double entendre*. The "fables" are from varied sources and of varied character. As for the sources, the larger number are from an older novelist, Molini; fifteen are from Boccaccio; six are Oriental; and above a score are *märchen*, or folk-tales. It is from these last that there is little doubt Perrault (1694-1697) borrowed the famous "Peau d'Ane," or "Ass's-Skin," and the still more famous "Chat Botté," or "Puss in Boots," and thus won the eternal gratitude of endless generations of children. In his excellent Introduction on the origins and character of the "Nights," Mr. Waters speaks of "Puss in Boots" as "an original product of Straparola's brain." The statement is as staggering as it is puzzling—and, indeed, Mr. Waters qualifies it both in the Notes to the Eleventh Night, where he says that "Straparola seems to be the originator of the story," and at the close of his Introduction, wherein he suggests that "a still more extended search will very likely find a fresh source for those fables in the 'Notti' which have heretofore been classed as the original

work of Straparola, and will discover for us a new and genuine author of 'Puss in Boots.'" Mr. Waters shows himself fairly well equipped in the literature of comparative folk-lore, and cannot be unaware that the central idea of the tale—namely, a community between man and brute—is as "old as the hills" in barbaric thought, while the chief incident, that of the helpful animal, enters into a widespread group. True, in Straparola's version, the cat is not booted, and the real owner of the castle, whose possession the shrewdness of puss secures to Constantino, dies on his way home. But these are accidentals; whereas the essentials are never missing. Passing by the European variants, whether with a moral, or, like that in Straparola, without one, we find the tale not only in India and South Siberia, but among the Zanzibaris, and, not long after Mr. Andrew Lang published his edition of Perrault, it was discovered in Nubia in two forms. In the one, the wit of an ape makes a woodcutter a king; in the other, a fox, as in the Sicilian "Puss in Boots," secures the hand of a princess for his master. As for the romances in the "Notti," they tell of chivalry, magic, intrigue, and the like. Mixed with these are the "buffo" tales of popular Italian type, often "unpleasant in subject and coarse in treatment." They are not *virginibus puerisque*; but whoever would learn what life was like in the days of Straparola, and what were subjects of epicene enjoyment—for the Venetian atmosphere infuses all the tales—will not permit a certain element in the stories to deprive him of that knowledge.

The taste of the artist has ably supplemented the skill of the translator. Finer draughtsmanship, delicate, and withal, masculine, has rarely, if ever, been accomplished, while the accessories complete the harmony. The entire get-up of the work reflects the highest credit on all concerned. Dealing with the two specimen illustrations, we have in "Biancabella" the stock machinery of the old folk-tale—the supernatural birth, the cruel stepmother, the substituted bride, the helpful animal, the magic power of words, and so forth; she, all unheeding as to her cruel fate but ultimate triumph, standing in a fair garden in her bath of rose-water, licked by the enchanted snake, who, when the spell is removed, is revealed as Biancabella's sister. Turning to the other picture, the snake, entwined round the column, clings there ready to disclose the guilt of her who swears falsely by biting off her hand when



THE TRIAL OF THE SERPENT.—E. R. HUGHES.

placed between its jaws. In Athens, as has happened elsewhere, December marries May, and is jealous of her near neighbour, June. Not without reason, Erminione suspects his young wife, Filemia, of an intrigue with Hippolite, and invokes the law. Hippolite, knowing what cruel punishment awaits Filemia for the perjury she will commit, tears his clothes into tatters, feigns madness, breaks through the crowd, then seizes and kisses her. She, well apprised of the stratagem, thereupon swears that no man save her husband and this mad fellow have touched her, and so passes through the dread ordeal of the snake unharmed. Erminione, charged with wrongful accusation, is thrown into prison, where he dies.

* "The Nights of Straparola." Now first translated into English by W. G. Waters. Illustrated by E. R. Hughes, A.R.W.S. Two volumes. London: Lawrence and Bullen.

THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



FOLLOW MY LEADER.



CAPTAIN (to daughter of a tobacconist who has largely extended his business): "Your father's a bit of a tobogganist, isn't he?"
SHE (indignantly): "Certainly not; he's not in trade."



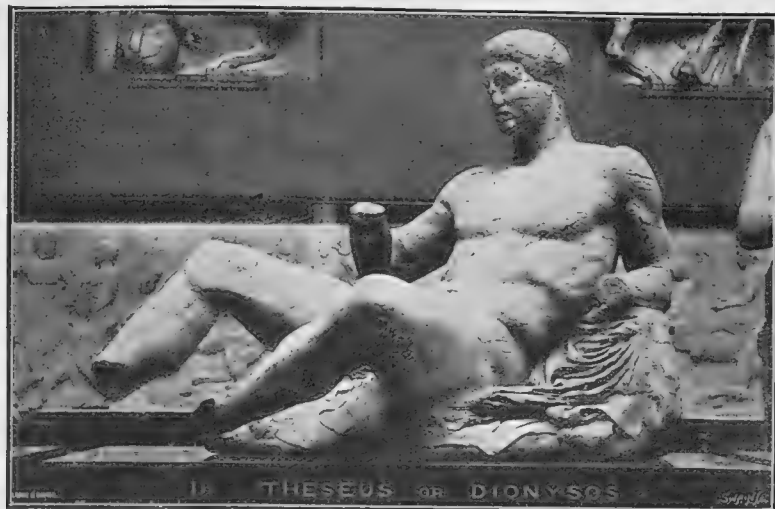
PAT (on looking into his brother's grave before the funeral, and finding water at the bottom): "Faith, if iver I die while I live—which I sincerely hope I niver may—I'll niver be put in a wet hole like that, to be dhrowned all the days of me life."



AT THE BAL DE L'OPÉRA: A SAVAGE "GOMMEUSE."

GEMS OF GREEK AND ROMAN SCULPTURE AT THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

Among the large number of visitors who daily pass through those galleries at the British Museum in which are exhibited examples more or less perfect of the ancient sculpture of Greece and Rome, it may be



doubted whether more than a very small percentage ever pause to make a careful and detailed study of the beautiful artistic works before them.

The long, echoing galleries, and the rows of mutilated figures and fractured limbs which are contained therein, are, perhaps, apt to strike one with a certain feeling of depression, and to produce a state of mind which is not entirely favourable for the appreciation of the sculptured art of bygone ages. This feeling, however, is one which soon wears off, and one has only to endeavour, by the aid of imagination, to supply the missing portions of the broken statues in order to become deeply interested in the objects exhibited.

The sculptures of the Parthenon, so widely known and so justly prized from the fact of their having been executed by the hand, or, at



BRONZE HEAD OF APHRODITE.

least, under the superintendence of Phidias, are a familiar example of this. These ancient stones, battered and broken as they now are by the rough usage and neglect of centuries, are but poor relics of the beautiful and graceful objects they were when they left the studios of the ancient Greek sculptors.

The Parthenon, or temple of the virgin goddess Athene, was built on the Acropolis at Athens between the years 454 and 438 B.C. It has been thought that the whole design was planned and executed under the direction of Phidias, but it is certain that for the sculptural decorations, many of which now enrich the collections of the British Museum, we are indebted to that consummate master of the sculptor's art.

The particular figure selected as an illustration of this remarkable series is commonly understood to represent Theseus. He reclines upon a rock, and faces the up-springing horses' heads of Helios. He leans on his left arm in an easy attitude. His right arm is bent, but the hand is, unfortunately, wanting, and whether it once held a long spear or some other similar object, although extremely probable, can only be a matter of conjecture. The legs are bent, and the body is entirely



MAUSOLEUM COLUMN.

nude, but a mantle is thrown over the rocks upon which the figure rests. Under this mantle is a skin, the claws attached to which indicate some feline animal.

Several authorities have supposed the figure to represent Herakles, and some have suggested Dionysos. Another idea is that the figure represents the mountain of Olympus itself illuminated by the first rays of the rising sun, and it must be acknowledged that there is a certain amount of probability in this interpretation, as the attitude and type of the so-called Theseus would be very suitable for the personification of a mountain. The authorities of the British Museum have, however, named it Theseus, and it may be presumed that the weight of testimony is in favour of such an explanation.

The pose and proportions of this magnificent figure are justly admired by the numerous artists who frequent the Museum for the purpose of study.

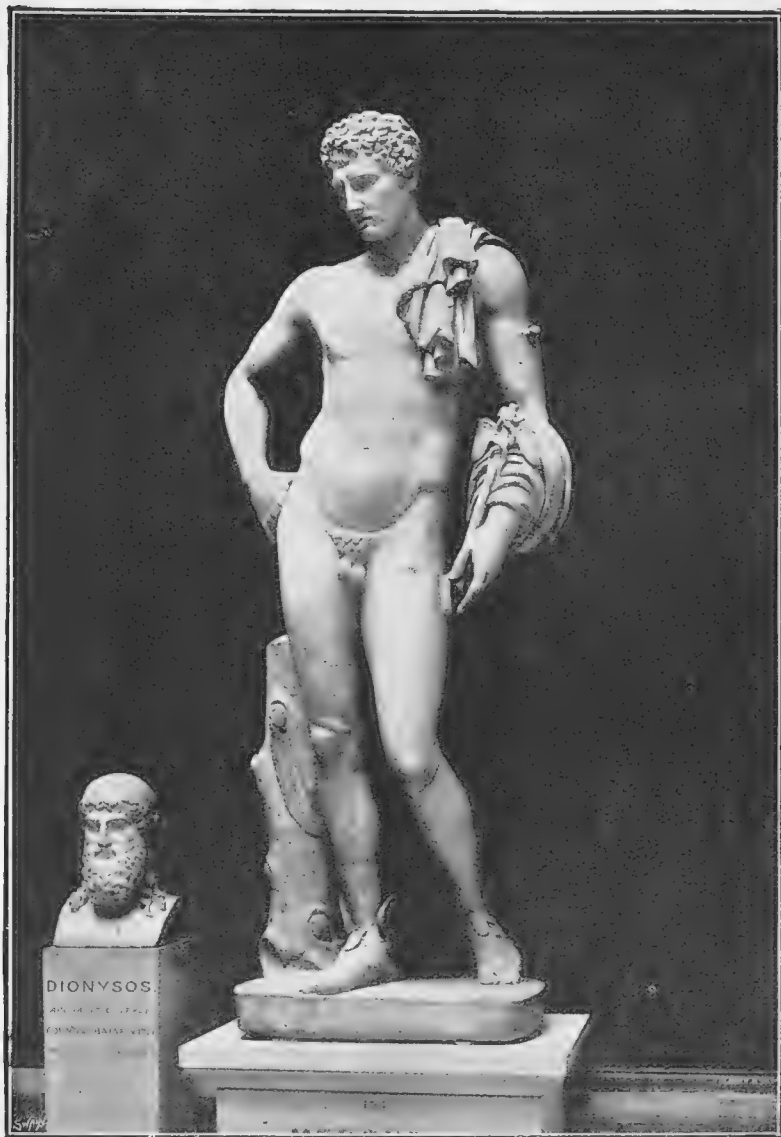
The bronze head of a goddess, exhibited in the Bronze Room, is also represented in one of the accompanying illustrations. It is supposed to be of the Greek period, and has been identified, but not with certainty, as Aphrodite. It is sculptured in a large, commanding style, and is a fine example of bronze work. It is supposed that the eyes were originally inlaid with some material imitating their natural colours, such as vitreous paste, ivory and ebony, or gems.

The splendid monument erected at Halicarnassos to the honour of

Mausolos, Prince of Caria, who died in 353 B.C., has also furnished many lovely examples of early sculpture to the Museum galleries. Indeed, one whole room, called the Mausoleum Room, is devoted to the exhibition of sculptures and fragments from that celebrated monument.

The sculptures which decorated the tomb were in the round as well as in relief, and portions of the former kind, including parts of a colossal horse from the chariot group which once occupied the top of the pyramid, are now to be seen at Bloomsbury. One very beautiful portion of the work was the series of Ionic columns and the frieze which surrounded the tomb, and the accompanying photograph, which represents one of those columns, is somewhat interesting, from the fact that it was taken from a scaffolding specially erected for the purpose. It is doubtful if another view will ever be taken of this column with similar advantages of position and light.

In looking down the Roman Gallery from the Entrance Hall, the eye is naturally attracted by a very fine figure of Mercury. This figure, which is here represented, stands in an easy attitude, resting on the right



MERCURY.

leg, with the left slightly bent, and the head inclined to the right. The right hand rests against the right hip, and a *caduceus*, or wand, was held in the left. A mantle is wrapped around the left arm, and the winged sandals, or *talaria*, are on the feet. The hair is disposed in short, crisp curls. The trunk of a tree supports the left leg.

This is not a rare type of Mercury, as there are several well-known examples in other collections, including that in the Lansdowne Collection, another in the Belvedere of the Vatican, formerly called Antinous, and still another at Munich. It is thought that all these are late copies from some famous Greek original, but the type has not yet been identified among the statues of Mercury mentioned by ancient authors.

None of the extant examples of this figure have the attributes of Mercury so complete as the statue here shown. The brow is slightly knit, but its effect is to give an expression of massive strength rather than of sadness.

The illustrations which accompany this article are selected from the beautiful series of photographs representing objects in the British Museum, and published by Messrs. Clarke and Davies, of Museum Street.

NOTE.

The Sketch will be on sale in the UNITED STATES at the "Illustrated London News" Offices, World Building, New York; and in AUSTRALASIA, by Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, at Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, and Adelaide.

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

I was standing in a little nook of limestone cliff, watching the sea steal up the sands with the exasperating deliberation of a neap-tide, and, being tired of watching the sea, turned to the rock, and then I noticed specially that, right up to the tide-mark, the rock was crusted with barnacles, small and large, with here and there a limpet, half hidden by barnacles, and here and there a delicate shell, too elongated for a winkle, too smoothly rounded for a whelk, with a crinkle like erape, and colour of an exquisite golden yellow, sometimes banded with white. But these and the limpets were exceptions; what impressed me was the barnacles, rooted side by side, fitting into each other's edges like the basalt pillars of the Giant's Causeway, and coating almost every inch of cliff. It was only a few yards of rock, but it must have been a barnacle city comparable to London for population.

And I wondered if we should ever know more about the manners and customs of the Barnacles? That they stay rigidly in one place hardly argues them senseless; many of us should be much better off if we found our place and stuck to it as *they* do. A barnacle is a mere tiny lump of tough jelly to look at, but our own brain-matter is even more unpromising, and yet it contrives to hold a wonderful amount of thought. It may be that the barnacles have thoughts of their own—nay, that they are communicative, even record those thoughts. Why should they not have their Barnacle literature, their drama, more realistic than Ibsen? Why should they not relish the lyrics of the oyster (for we know "an oyster may be crossed in love," and, if crossed in love, then lyric poetry follows inevitably), whether in his own melodious Molluscan, or translated into the barnacular?

In one way, the mollusks are our superiors: each one builds his own house, and owns it, and roots it in the best situation available. There is no ground-rent—or, perhaps, there is—perhaps the limpets are landlords, and charge for the privilege of building on their shells. After all, the ground-landlord is, as a writer in *Punch* might say, the embodiment of shellfishness. Perhaps, when we bolt an oyster, or absorb a mussel, or pursue the elusive whelk or winkle with the playful pin, we are only disestablishing some aristocrat of the Mollusca, and making room for the democratic barnacles, who are not good to eat.

There is a singularity about shells; some, one never finds washed up living; some, hardly ever dead. Some strong shells come ashore broken; weaker, fragile shells are unharmed. The rarer shells sometimes are unseen for weeks, and suddenly appear in numbers. If one only knew the politics of the sea-world—the migrations and settlements of shells, the wars and treaties of Crustaceans, the romances of the least of little fishes! Perhaps it is as well. We could not well eat beings of whose ways we had such exact knowledge. Even the allegorical presentation of animal life makes one loth to destroy one's literary friends. I do not think that I shall ever take the same complete delight in boiled rabbit as before Brer Rabbit dawned on my horizon; in fact, what joy I now take is more than half called out by the onion-sauce. It is singular that the nations of the East, where the beast fable did chiefly flourish, are largely vegetarian in ways.

Now it may be good to be a vegetarian. It is certainly cheap, excluding the doctor's bill; but it is hardly human, as man is constituted now. With his canine teeth, man must have his bones likewise. The grass-eaters obey and serve; it is the meat-eater that rules and conquers. And therefore it is that almost universally the vegetarian is found in the ranks of the Anti-Everythings. He would put down hunting, shooting—all manner of sport; he bans the stronger and (as one might say) the more meaty emotions of human life. His love is the mild feeling of a world in which the marriage of affection and the marriage of interest are united; in which parents always consent, and set up their blameless offspring in a small grocery establishment. And the vegetarian is generally inconsistent enough to be a teetotaler; he quaffs the animal milk sooner than the blameless product of barley or grape.

But Vegetarianism is only an alias of the great Faddist movement; and a faddist rejects strong meat not because it is meat, but because it is strong.

MARMITON.

Pulpit rhetoric is often very foolish, but it is rarely so grotesque as the Vicar of Rye would have us imagine. That worthy ecclesiastic has been denouncing Sunday golf. He says it "stinks in the nostrils of Englishmen." It is not only irreligious, but "silly"; and he hopes a race of "manly" golfers will arise who will redeem the links from the sin of Sabbath-breaking. Considering that Sunday is the golfer's only holiday, the nostrils of the Vicar of Rye must still be offended. To adapt a famous phrase in Mr. Horace Hutchinson's immortal work, *Golf is not theology*, though the pulpit at Rye may be described as a hopeless "bunker."

DURING THE LATE FROST.

(Drawn by F. H. Townsend.)



A FAIR SKATER'S ADVERTISEMENT.

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ASTHMA, LARYNGITIS, &c.

Much preferable to Pills, Potions, and Syrups, &c., which only irritate the stomach without reaching the seat of the disease.

THEIR EFFECT IS INSTANTANEOUS.

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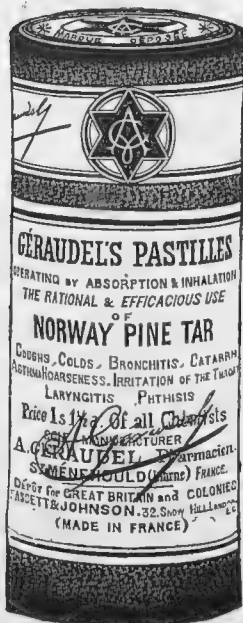
Slowly dissolved in the mouth, they give off a soothing, refreshing, and healing vapour of pine tar, which is thus breathed into the bronchia and lungs upon the very seat of disease, affording immediate relief, and effecting a gradual and lasting cure. Owing to their direct action upon the bronchial tubes and lungs, they are infinitely superior to all other remedial agents.

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HOW TO REDUCE OBESITY.

The corpulent will be glad to learn how to lose two stone in about a month with benefit to health, strength, and muscle, by a comparatively new system. It is a singular fact that the patient, returning quickly to a healthy state, with increased activity of brain, digestive, and other organs, naturally requires more food than hitherto; yet, notwithstanding this, he absolutely loses in weight one or two pounds daily, as the weighing-machine will prove. The "recipe" contained in the book "Corpulency, and the Cure" (256 pages), can be had gratis from Mr. F. C. Russell, Woburn House, Store Street, Bedford Square, London, W.C., by sending cost of postage, sixpence.

The following are extracts from other journals:

CURIOUS EXPERIMENTS IN CORPULENCY.

A Mr. Russell, author and specialist in obesity, has experimentally tried the effect of administering large doses to moderate lean persons of his well-known herbal discovery, which is so marvellously effectual in reducing superfluous fat, with the result that there is not the slightest alteration or diminution of weight recorded, thereby proving conclusively to our minds that it is only the unhealthy adipose waste tissue which is destroyed, for after dispensing a few fluid ounces of his remarkable vegetable compounds he succeeds in destroying the diseased fatty mass at the rate of from 2 lb. to even 12 lb. in seven days. There can be no ambiguity about it, for any persons can test this for themselves by standing upon a weighing-machine. He explains that all lean persons carry a certain amount of fat necessary for the natural production of heat in the body, but Nature has only stored up her requisite stock in the healthy system, which she most zealously guards, and thus declines to part with an ounce to the persuasions of Mr. Russell's vegetable tonic, however immoderate the dose may be, which testifies abundantly to the fact that it is only a chemical solvent of insalu-

rious adipose tissue. There is no doubt that the inventor of the composition must have possessed a profound vegetal knowledge in selecting this simple but peculiar combination.

Those who resort to the pernicious products of the mineral kingdom, or even the deleterious sections of the vegetable world, doubtless can decoct something powerful but injurious in its action; such, however, require no laudatory commendation; but Mr. Russell (we herewith append his address: Woburn House, Store Street, Bedford Square, London, W.C., the author of "Corpulency, and the Cure," 256 pages, price 6d. stamps) makes no secret of the simplicity of his treatment, and avers that the decoction can be drunk as a refreshing summer drink, pleasant to the palate, yet having sufficient effect, although perfectly harmless, to remove generally 2 lb. or more in twenty-four hours. We think stout persons would do well to send for his book, which can be obtained through booksellers, or at the address given above.—*Leeds Times*, Dec. 1, 1894.

CURIOUS EFFECTS IN THE TREATMENT OF CORPULENCY.

The old-fashioned methods of curing obesity were based upon the adoption of a sort of starvation dietary. Would any reader now believe that by the new orthodox treatment a stout patient can take almost double his usual quantity of food, and yet decrease one or two pounds of fat daily for a time? This is very singular, and directly hostile to previous opinions held by medical authorities, yet it is a fact. The author of this comparatively new system in question explains that the person under treatment is restored to a healthier state in the small space of twenty-four hours. Having lost probably two pounds of superfluous deposit, the organs display great activity, and more food is required. By standing on a weighing-machine the proof of reduction is incontrovertibly shown daily. In serious cases a five-pound to ten-pound weekly loss is registered, until the person approaches his or her normal weight; then the diminution becomes less pronounced, the muscles firmer, the brain more active, less sleep is desired, and finally a cure is effected. Compiled reprints of medical and other journals and interesting particulars, including the

"recipe," which is quite harmless, can be obtained from Mr. Russell, of 27, Store Street, London, W.C., by enclosing 6d. stamps.—*Dublin Weekly Freeman*, Nov. 24, 1894.

A POSITIVE REMEDY FOR CORPULENCY.

Any remedy that can be suggested as a cure or alleviation for stoutness will be heartily welcomed. We have recently received a well-written book, the author of which seems to know what he is talking about. It is entitled, "Corpulency and the Cure" (256 pages), and is a cheap issue (only 6d.) published by Mr. F. C. Russell, of Woburn House, Store Street, Bedford Square, London, W.C. Our space will not do justice to this book; send for it yourself. It appears that Mr. Russell has submitted all kinds of proofs to the English Press. The editor of the *Tablet*, the Catholic organ, writes: "Mr. Russell does not give us the slightest loophole for a doubt as to the value of his cure, for in the most straightforward and matter-of-fact manner he submitted some hundreds of original and unsolicited testimonial letters for our perusal, and offered us plenty more if required. To assist him to make this remedy known, we think we cannot do better than publish quotations from some of the letters submitted. The first one, a marchioness, writes from Madrid: 'My son, Count —, has reduced his weight in twenty-two days 16 kilos—i.e., 34 lb.' Another writes: 'So far (six weeks from the commencement of following your system) I have lost fully two stone in weight.' The next, a lady, writes: 'I am just half the size.' A fourth: 'I find it is successful in my case. I have lost 8 lb. in weight since I commenced (two weeks).' Another writes: 'A reduction of 18 lb. in a month is a great success.' A lady from Bournemouth writes: 'I feel much better, have less difficulty in breathing, and can walk about.' Again, a lady says: 'It reduced me considerably, not only in the body, but all over.' The author is very positive. He says: "Step on a weighing-machine on Monday morning, and again on Tuesday, and I guarantee that you have lost 2 lb. in weight without the slightest harm, and vast improvement in health through ridding the system of unhealthy accumulations."—*Cork Herald*.

Telegram from Russia.

*Send to anitchhoff Palace St
Petersburg immediately one dozen
Mariani Wine for H I & all
Empress of Russia*

A subsequent letter, ordering a further supply of 50 bottles Mariani Wine, states that H.I.M. the Dowager Empress of Russia has derived the greatest benefit from its use.

Mariani Wine fortifies, nourishes, and stimulates the Body and Brain. It restores Health, Strength, Energy and Vitality.

Bottles, 4s.; dozen, 45s., of Chemists and Stores, or carriage paid from Wilcox and Co., 239, Oxford Street, London.

Extract from COURT JOURNAL, January 12, 1895.

"The producers of 'Mariani Wine' should, according to report, soon have a splendid market in Russia for their nerve and brain tonic, as the Dowager Empress has, at the suggestion of the Princess of Wales, drunk it since the death of her Consort with the most remarkable and beneficial results. It seems that Her Majesty is one of the many delicate persons with whom stimulating drugs like quinine,

iron, and Peruvian bark disagree, but such is not the case with the wine tonic referred to. It is well-known that the Princess of Wales also derived increased strength of brains and nerves from it during her last great trials. Moreover, in consequence of the benefits obtained by the Empress, a great demand for this tonic has sprung up among ladies of the Russian aristocracy suffering from 'nerves.'"

THE IRELAND v. WALES HOCKEY MATCH.

Photographs by John Williams, Rhyl.



IRELAND: WINNER BY THREE GOALS TO NIL.



WALES.

ICE-SPORTS.

The ice-sportsman in this country gets but little opportunity of indulging his hobby. This year he is more than usually fortunate, for there have been longer spells of severe frost than usual. We also have had real ice made artificially at Niagara, but, unhappily, there isn't a Niagara in every town. Skaters have had a good time, and several of the great



Photo by Stuart, Glasgow.

W. POLLOCK WYLIE, CHAMPION AMATEUR SKATER OF SCOTLAND.

events of the skating world have been competed for. The professional championship of Great Britain has returned to the Smart family. James Smart, who did not skate for the title in 1892, showed such form on the fine piece of ice at Swavesey that he not only won the championship over the usual mile-and-a-half course (in 4 min. 46 3-5 sec.), with three turns, but established a fresh professional record, beating the previous best—his own—by two seconds. George See, the holder, did not reach the second round. The London amateur championship was carried off at Hendon on Wednesday by F. Hatch, of Clapton. The first race for the cup presented to the National Skating Association by Mr. W. Hayes Fisher, M.P., for the three miles' international professional race was won at Littleport on Thursday by W. Housden, Wicken Fen, who covered the distance in 11 min. 39½ sec.

It is none less than the discoverer of Mr. Crockett who has won the

Amateur Skating Championship of Scotland. This is Mr. W. Pollock Wylie, of Glasgow, the editor of the *Christian Leader*, which was founded by his late father, the Rev. W. Howie Wylie. The race was held on historic Loch Leven, under the recently formed Scottish Branch of the National Skating Association. There were ten entrants, and a mile course, and Mr. Wylie carried off the forty-guinea cup, by covering the course in 3 min. 15 sec. Mr. Wylie, who is just six-and-twenty, holds numerous badges for running and skating. He resides at Helensburgh, on the Clyde, and is a member of most of the athletic clubs in Dumbartonshire. The Scot is not so much a skater as a curler, and much interest centred in the international curling match between rinks representing England and Scotland, which was played last week near Carlisle. Ninety rinks were laid out on the ice, and were occupied by 545 players. Scotland won by 1087 points to 842 scored by England; majority for Scotland, 245.

There is one form of winter sport, however, which it is almost impossible to get in this country; that is tobogganing. One must go for it to the Alps, where it is becoming increasingly popular. The international races are annually held on the twisting Klosters road, near Davos, and they arouse the greatest enthusiasm among all the visitors. There are two races, and this year both have been won by Englishmen. The



Photo by Herr Reish.

CAPTAIN E. G. WYNYARD, CHAMPION TOBOGGANER, 1895.

Symonds Shield, for all sorts of toboggans, carries with it the Championship of Road-Tobogganing for the year. The length of the course is some two miles, with a fall of eight hundred feet. Owing to a heavy fall of snow just previous to the race, the time this year, 6 min. 22 sec., was not so good as in previous years, but sufficiently good to show that a rate of about twenty miles per hour was obtained. The winner, Captain E. G. Wynyard, who took up tobogganing only last year, is already well known to the athletic world as one of the best amateur batsmen of the day, and also as a fine Association football player. In the second race, for toboggans to be ridden sitting, Mr. H. Freeman, who is well known as an old Rugby International, beat all competitors by doing the course in seven minutes.

The great day on the ice at Niagara is Sunday. Among the active and inactive I noticed on my last visit (writes a correspondent) were pretty Princess Henry of Pless, Sir Edward and Lady Colebrooke, Sir Frank and Miss Lockwood, thoroughly enjoying themselves; Countess Antrim, Earl of Essex, Marchesa Lerranezzana, charmingly gowned; Countess Cairns, Mrs. Philip Green, Sir William and Lady Call, skating admirably; Lady S. Macdonald, Lady Alexander Kennedy, Mr. Campbell, with the latest news from Colombo, of his wife on her way out to Australia; Mr. Heard, the American, whose feet are said to be shod with skates of gold; Mrs. Marsham Rue, in cinnamon-embroidered frock with a pink toque; Lord Annaly, Hon. A. Grosvenor, and Mrs. Sassoon. There can be no possible doubt but that the Niagara Skating Club has "caught on."



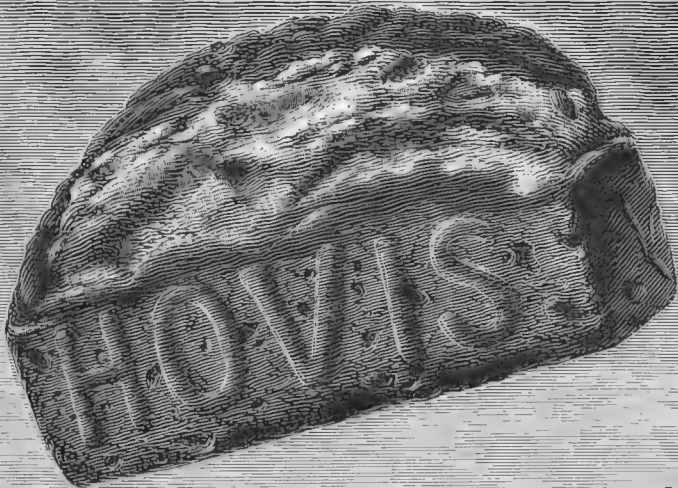
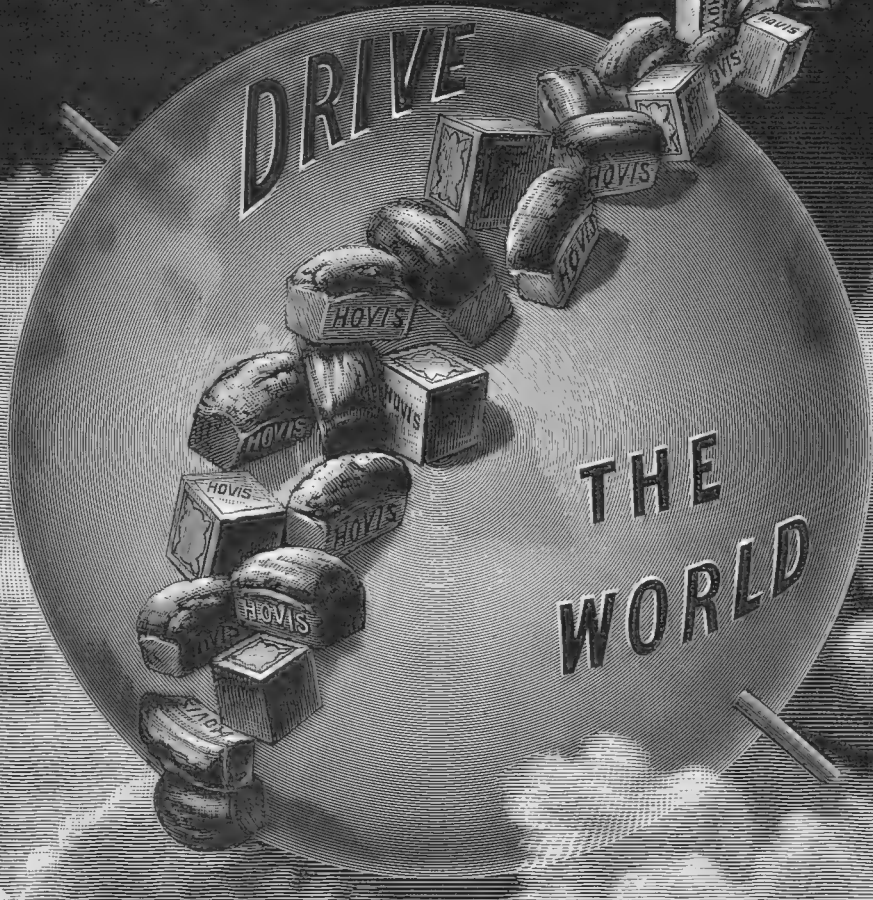
Photo by Herr Reish.

MR. H. FREEMAN, WINNER OF THE SYMONDS CUP.

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AND BISCUITS



**CURE FOR
INDIGESTION.**

*Recommended by the Medical
Profession.*

If any difficulty be experienced in obtaining HOVIS, or if what is supplied as HOVIS is not satisfactory, please write, sending sample (the cost of which will be defrayed), to S. FITTON & SON, Millers, MACCLESFIELD.

Bakers recommending any other Bread in the place of "Hovis" do so for their own profit.

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Facsimile of Tin containing Twenty-four Cigarettes.

PLAYER'S NAVY-CUT CIGARETTES

ARE SELLING

By THE MILLION to THE MILLION.

Sold only in Packets containing 12, and Boxes containing 24, 50, & 100.

HE CHANGED HIS UNDERCLOTHING

TOO EARLY IN THE SEASON, AND
PAYS THE PENALTY.

ST. JACOBS OIL PUTS HIM RIGHT!



Mr. G. PILFORD & CHILD.

A GREAT mistake which many people make is in changing their underclothing too early; they had better by half suffer a little inconvenience from a few spring days of warm weather than run the risk of taking a cold, which may develop into rheumatism, as was the case of Mr. G. Pilford, dip candle maker, living with his family at 50, Stanley Street, Brighton, who writes us as follows, under date of April 5th, 1894:—

"I write to tell you of the great benefit I have received from the use of one bottle of St. Jacobs Oil. Last Friday, the weather being warm and fine, I foolishly decided to leave off some underclothing I had worn all the winter. The next day I felt a severe pain shooting down my back, which grew worse until Sunday, when I was fairly doubled up with pain, quite unable to stand upright. On Monday I thought of St. Jacobs Oil, about which I had heard so much, and procuring a bottle my wife applied it to the entire length of the spinal column twice during the day. On Tuesday I was so much better that I could stand upright, and the pain was very much less, nevertheless my wife applied the Oil as on the Monday. On Wednesday morning another rubbing, and I started for the factory to tell the governor that I should be able to come to work the following morning; but I felt so much better when I got there that I said to my shop-mates, 'I don't feel any pain about me; I think I will stop,' so I changed my clothes and went to work then and there, and have not felt the slightest pain since. I shall always strongly recommend St. Jacobs Oil. You may publish this letter, and if anyone likes to call on me I should be pleased to tell them of the great benefit I have received."

It is when one reads such straightforward, honest evidence as this that one becomes convinced. The case of Mr. Pilford is one of the many who, by carelessness or otherwise, contract rheumatism, for which St. Jacobs Oil is the only known and positive cure. Price 1/1½ and 2/6, of Medicine Dealers.

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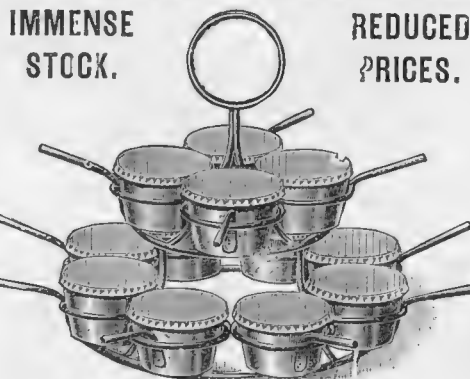
EVERY ARTICLE OF THE HIGHEST QUALITY AND MARKED IN PLAIN FIGURES AT MANUFACTURERS' NET CASH PRICES.



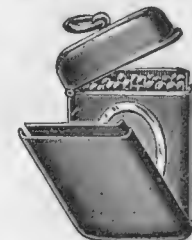
Gentleman's Concave Card-Case, New Shape, Solid Silver, 17s. 6d.



Solid Silver Milk-Jug, 1/2 pint, 30s.



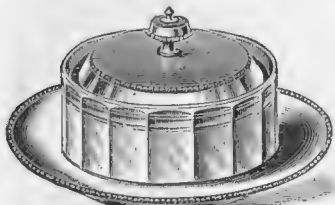
Best Electro-Plated Soufflet-Fram, with one dozen Cups, 50s.



Secret Photo Match-Box, Solid Silver, 20s. Solid Gold, 100s.



Solid Silver Pocket-Flask, Concave Side, 1/2 pint, 50s.

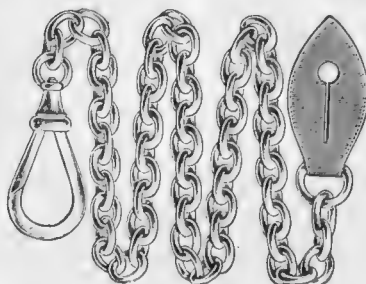


Fine Crystal Butter-Cooler, with Solid Silver Plate and Lid, price 27s. 6d.

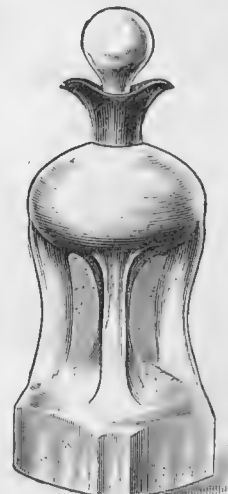


Spirit-Bottle with Stopper, Solid Silver Mounts, 40s.

WEDDING PRESENTS. The Largest Stock in London.



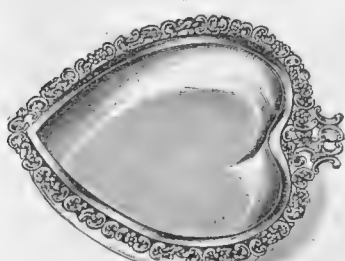
Solid Silver Key-Chain, Hall-marked every link, 15s.



Fine Crystal Black Forest Bottle, Solid Silver Neck, price 15s.



Solid Silver Bowl, 6 1/2 in. diameter, with Netting for Cut Flowers, price 75s.



Crystal Heart Bon-Bon Dish, pierced, Solid Silver Rim, 20s.

RACING NOTES BY CAPTAIN COE.

In publishing a portrait of Mr. John Hawke, so widely known as the Hon. Sec. of the National Anti-Gambling League, I cannot do better than let Mr. Hawke speak of himself. He writes—

I am tired of saying that I am not a Puritan, but no better than my fellows; not a Nonconformist, but a Churchman; not a hater, but a lover of sport from



Photo by Weston and Son, St. Leonards.
MR. JOHN HAWKE.

my youth, the chief fault found by those interested in me having always been that I was too fond of games and sports. I was a Bluecoat boy, and, but for games taking more of my attention than books, I should have been sent to one of the Universities, as I was a Deputy Grecian. I am afraid that I had a small sum on Tom Sayers, and, later, a friend at Trinity Hall, having ridden over to Newmarket to see the Two Thousand Guineas, kindly informed me that the winner, Gladiateur, was a scrappy brute, and would be nowhere in the Derby; upon which sage advice another wager was risked, but the wrong way this time, and, perhaps, with fortunate after-results. This occurred after leaving school, where I can remember being pleased at H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge selecting me to speak to among a great number. I have feelings of remorse at hearing that he is a member of the Jockey

Club. While I lived in town, my exercise was necessarily limited. I can remember a boy's leg or arm cracking like a shot under me in a football scrimmage, and shall not easily forget being pitched neck and crop into Peerless Pool, without the remotest idea of swimming, and in extreme doubt whether my career was not drawing to a conclusion. An occasional holiday spent at Croydon Steeplechases, rowing, or cricket, are among my pleasant recollections. The close confinement necessary in commercial life left me a short vacation each year for the mountains of England, Scotland, and Switzerland, and, although I have never reached beyond about twelve thousand feet, the sharp "Attention, Messieurs!" of the leading guide, as he prodded for a crevasse in the snow while the rope slackened, recalls a thrill which was enjoyable from its very alarm. I saw Craig Millar win the Leger, and remember seeing the late Czar and his bride at Goodwood, but before this I began to think somewhat seriously of the betting question. Of late years I have had to content myself with lawn tennis. I am a member of the Connaught and Lyonsdown clubs. One of the hardest fights I ever had was with the Rev. H. B. Allen, father of the Cambridge twins. He gave me years' and a beating. I was in the Lawn Tennis Handbook of winners three seasons ago, and can now, at forty-nine, contend on even terms with average players who have twenty or thirty years in hand. They treat me very badly in the handicaps, as if still young. I bring my children up to ride, run, swim, jump, skate and climb, to play cricket, football, fives, tennis, lacrosse, and every manly game. One of my boys has won a handsome prize on the two occasions when he has run at public sports, and his time is thought very good. He goes to Haileybury next term. I am doing this work at a great self-sacrifice, having been deeply impressed with individual cases of ruin from betting, and am convinced that public opinion is rapidly growing in favour of something being done as regards the trade, but we would not interfere with individuals except by persuasion.

I am rather disappointed with some of the acceptances for the Spring Handicaps, but I have no doubt the several races will evoke the average amount of interest. Taking a snap-shot at some of the events, I think Lottie's Dude, if fit on the day, is likely to run well at Lincoln, and Macready should not be made a loser of. If I had to make a final selection for the Grand National at once, I should go right out for Cloister, who may, however, fall.

The Great Metropolitan has cut up badly. At present, I think the race a good thing for Ha Ha. I hardly know what to make of the City and Suburban, as the handicap is a perfect puzzle, and of the thirty-two horses left in I should not be at all surprised if twenty-five were to go to the post. Arcano must, at first sight, be ticked "dangerous," and Filipa, if worth backing for the Cesarewitch, is surely well in here with 7st. 7lb., but the public must not step in where the stable is afraid to tread.

Wagering on future events is now likely to open out, but it is passing strange that, up to now, there should have been no reliable market over the Derby. As I have before mentioned, those bookmakers who generally open early volumes on the Blue Riband were hit hard over both St. Blaise and Common, and they are, this year, determined not to pepper the Kingslere best, which I take to be Le Var. I am very glad to hear that Sir Visto is going on well at Newmarket.

Trainers are complaining sorely of the price of provender, and already I hear of higher charges being made for the training of racehorses. At Newmarket the regulation price is £2 10s. per week for each horse, but one or two local trainers have raised it to three pounds, and they say it cannot be done lower with hay at six pounds per ton. It must be borne in mind that, in addition, owners have to pay to the Jockey Club a Heath Tax of £7 per horse per annum.

A BOOK AND NEWSPAPER SHOW.

Every craft nowadays is sooner or later represented by its own particular "Exhibition," and custom, apparently, has no power to stave the infinite variety of such shows. The most recent recruit to the long array, and, to a great extent, one of the most interesting, is called "The Book, News, Stationery, and Fancy Trades First Annual Exhibition," and was opened to the public by Sir George Newnes, at the St. Stephen's Hall, Royal Aquarium, last week. It seems curious that the great publishing and bookselling industry, which forms so important a factor in the life of the community, should not have been represented in this distinctive manner before now. Even the present exhibition is not an entirely representative one, several important houses making no appearance. This is the more to be regretted for the reason that the proceeds of the enterprise are to be devoted to the "Newsagents', Booksellers', and Stationers' Benevolent Fund." The exhibits are, nevertheless, most varied and interesting, some of the chief exhibitors making a very considerable display. Messrs. Cassell and Co.'s stall is of quite commanding aspect. Two lofty pyramids, one at each end of the stand, support a row of sign-boards of bevelled looking-glass, which represent the chief serial publications of the firm. Round the sides of the pyramids are ranged copies of the various magazines, and the table-land of the stall is covered with a selection from the books published by the house. Six page-boys are in attendance in fanciful costumes, which reproduce, in colour and design, Messrs. Cassell's six chief magazines. Messrs. Ward, Lock, and Bowden's stall is dominated by their successful new venture, the *Windsor Magazine*, and its picturesque poster. Their various serial and standard publications make a good show. Mr. Fisher Unwin's interesting wares include the volumes of his several tasteful "Libraries," and specimen copies of a most artistic binding which is to cover a new series of books somewhat the same in shape as the well-known "Pseudonym" volumes, but rather larger in size. The *Century* and *St. Nicholas' Magazine* are well to the fore, and the many fine-art volumes lend a special dignity to Mr. Unwin's stall. Messrs. George Newnes, Limited, exhibit their *Strand Magazine*, *Picture Magazine*, and other popular serials, together with recently adopted books, and several original pictures reproduced in their publications.

Perhaps the most striking spectacle is offered by the stall of the *Weekly Telegraph*, of Sheffield enterprise. The entire stand has been draped by Messrs. Liberty in yellow sateen, on portions of which the usual advertisement-filled cover of the paper has been printed. Miss Lillie Harris, the lady editor, presides over Messrs. Leng and Co.'s various publications, attended by her smart corps of girls in their official uniform. Mr. Pearson exhibits his popular serials; Mr. T. H. Roberts displays *In Town* and *Illustrated Bits* among his other wares; and cheek by jowl with such gay journalism appears the more sedate Quaker literature which Mr. Edward Hicks publishes for "The Society of Friends." Mr. Dudley Hardy's *Yellow Girl* presides over the *Idler* and *To-Day* in two-fold attractiveness, for, under the huge poster, now so well known, sits a lady attendant in a costume faithfully copied from the original. Hard by, the ruddier *Answers* wears its yellow with a difference, as if to shame the paler tint of both *Yellow Girl* and *Weekly Telegraph*. Small wonder that the *Yellow Book* and "The Yellow Aster" have remained at home under a sudden accession of bashfulness.

Black and White has an imposing fit-up stall, which shows several original pictures. The *Sun* shines over a large space at the east end of the hall, where it displays the tape machines of the Exchange Telegraph Company. At the other end of the building the Linotype Company show some of their machines at work. The *Illustrated London News* has a handsome stall, on which the new weekly paper, the *Album*, is prominently heralded to the world under the prestige of its several predecessors.

Other exhibitors, too numerous for individual description, include Mr. Upcott Gill, Mr. Morrell, Messrs. Strong and Co., the Scientific Press; Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, the Colonial Export Newsagents; and others. Much credit is due to the untiring efforts of Mr. Kendall Robinson, the manager; and Mr. Foxwell, the hon. secretary.



MR. KENDALL ROBINSON.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

THE SPORTING LEAGUE.

I have nothing whatever to say against the Sporting League, excepting that, up to date, it has not shown to the world any justification for its existence. In its latest manifesto, proposing questions for County Council or Parliamentary candidates, the Sporting League, with a misdirected zeal, simply makes itself ridiculous. I am perfectly certain that Mr. John Hawke and all other anti-gamblers would at once subscribe to the Sporting League programme as drafted by the honorary secretary, W. Allison, as follows—

1. Will you protect and maintain the rights of the people to the free enjoyment of all sports, pastimes, and recreations, such as may at present be legitimately enjoyed?

2. Will you, in pursuance of the above undertaking, oppose absolutely and do your utmost by all lawful means to thwart all persons, other than legally constituted authorities, who may endeavour to interfere, directly or indirectly, with the people's sports, pastimes, and recreations, or with any one of them, or with any incident thereto?

3. Do you agree that the people should have liberty in their sports, pastimes, and recreations (under such rules as are from time to time laid down by those who practically understand the same), and that such liberty, while regulated by the law of the land, should be exempt from all other interference whatsoever?

4. Do you further agree that all persons or bodies of persons seeking in any way to obstruct, interfere with, or suppress any sport, pastime, or recreation, or any incident thereto (the same being decorously conducted and not contrary to law) should be discouraged and discountenanced by magistrates, County Councils, or other authorities before whom they may prefer complaints?

The fact of the matter is that the Sporting League, while it may have a perfectly good cause to support, is seeking the sympathy of sportsmen on false pretences and under a false name. I know hundreds of sportsmen who, like myself, would be at once up in arms against any interference with pure sport, but yet refuse to become a member of the Sporting League. The fact is that the Sporting League dare not reveal its real objects to the public. What was its origin, and who are behind it? It was formed as a counterblast to the Anti-Gambling League, which is directing its operations not against sport, but simply against betting. One need not discuss at present whether betting is or is not inimical to the best interests of sport. It is sufficient to say that all sports worthy of the name can exist without betting. Personally, I don't think that any action of Mr. Hawke or the Anti-Gambling League will have the slightest effect in putting down the evil of betting; but, supposing they succeeded in doing away with all open betting, will any member of the Sporting League say in what way that will destroy, or in any way handicap, any form of sport? The fact that the Sporting League had its origin in a sporting daily which lives for and by betting-men, should be enough to put amateur sportsmen, at least, on their guard. If the Sporting League were to come out in its true colours, and call itself by its proper name—that is, the Gambling League—it would not exist for a single day. In the meantime, all candidates for Municipal or Parliamentary honours will answer the four questions of the Sporting League in the affirmative.

FOOTBALL.

Although quite a young man, Mr. Alfred Martin, whose portrait we give to-day, is the editor of two well-known football journals, the *Football Chronicle* and the *Referees' Journal*. The latter is a smart little paper, dealing almost entirely with questions of law and nice points in the game which require discussion. The paper is contributed to by many well-known referees. Of all types of football enthusiasts the referee is the most intense. And he would require to be. He undertakes long, laborious journeys, has to put up with the running criticism of the crowd, not to mention the innuendoes of defeated teams, while he is often the recipient of delicate compliments in the shape of mud, brick-bats, and other missiles. He is a voluntary martyr sacrificed on the altar of sport.



Photo by Holt and Co., Grantham.

MR. ALFRED MARTIN.

Scotland and England are fighting for premier place. This would appear to be the case this season. Scotland, however, had nothing to spare in their match against Wales at Edinburgh. A victory by a placed goal to a dropped goal leaves but a margin of one point; but, of course, the

victory counts. The Scotsmen's win, however, was better than it looked on paper. They had not had any practice for over a month, while the Welshmen had been playing every Saturday. Although the representatives of the Thistle did very well, the Scottish Committee made four changes in the team to meet Ireland next Saturday week. I am glad to see that A. R. Smith, of Oxford, was tried, and not found wanting. Gowans, the old Cantab, who was the doubtful man of the back division, proved himself the finest three-quarter on the ground. These men have, of course, retained their places, but Welsh, the Watsonian, has to stand down to let in Sidney Gedge, the old Oxonian. Another old Oxonian, in the person of Paul Clauss, has been re-introduced to the Scottish team at half-back, in place of Elliott. Clauss, it may be remembered, was one of the victorious Scottish eleven who routed England at Richmond four years ago. A couple of changes have also been made among the forwards, Cownie and H. Smith standing down in place of two Glasgow men, Miller and Hendry. On paper, the changes appear to be wise ones, and the Scottish team will probably be strengthened.

For some weeks Association Cup-ties will be all the rage, and the League games will have to stand over. In the meantime, Sunderland, by a clever victory over Stoke, have once more assumed the lead, and it is quite possible that they may never again be headed. Everton threw away a glorious chance when, on their own ground, they failed to defeat Sheffield United; and, although Aston Villa is still going strongly, the club handicapped itself too severely by some wretched performances earlier in the season. As for the other League clubs, their position in the League can only be of interest to themselves. There will, of course, be a fight to keep clear of the last three. The trio of clubs who find themselves at the bottom of the League have to compete with the three clubs at the top of the Second League for a place in the First Division next season. At present there appears no doubt whatever that Bury will gain the championship of the minor division, and the chances are that Grimsby and Newton Heath will be close up. At one time it looked as if Woolwich Arsenal might work their way into the first three, but their performances recently have been very disappointing. There is room for improvement.

Gavin Crawford is one of the best and most consistent players that the Woolwich Arsenal ever possessed. He came originally from Glasgow to Sheffield United, but that club, apparently, did not discover his worth, and it was some time before the Arsenal people were convinced that he was a first-class forward. During the first two seasons he was with the Arsenal he played as a reserve man for the first eleven, but during the past two seasons he has been a regular member of the League eleven, and, on his present form, is the best forward in the club. He is very fast, a pretty dribbler, and, besides being able to centre accurately from any position, is a sure shot at goal. Of course, like all successful men, Gavin is a great favourite at Plumstead.

HOCKEY.

The match between Ireland and Wales for supremacy in the hockey-field took place at Rhyl on the 26th ult. The two countries were represented by capital teams—

IRELAND.—J. Birmingham (Palmerston), J. W. Dobbs (Captain, Dundrum), B. Ramsay (King's Hospital), J. E. Mills (Palmerston), T. M. Walsh (Palmerston), W. Butler (King's Hospital), T. Beckett (King's Hospital), H. Rutherford (Trinity), H. Birmingham (Palmerston), P. Carton (Trinity), A. Carroll (Dundrum).

WALES.—J. Evans (Rhyl), R. P. Jones (Huyton), B. P. Griffiths (Rhyl), Sergeant E. Bennett (Chester Military), Idris Jones (Captain, Sefton), H. Evans (Rhyl), J. W. G. Casson (Oxford University and East Sheen), E. W. Powell (Oxford University and East Sheen), E. H. Parry (Rhyl), H. Hughes (Rhyl), T. Evans (Rhyl).

Ireland were the first to press, and before half-time J. Birmingham and A. Carroll had scored two goals to nothing. In the second half Ireland added another goal, the game ultimately ending in favour of the visitors by three goals to nil.

OLYMPIAN.




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GAVIN CRAWFORD.

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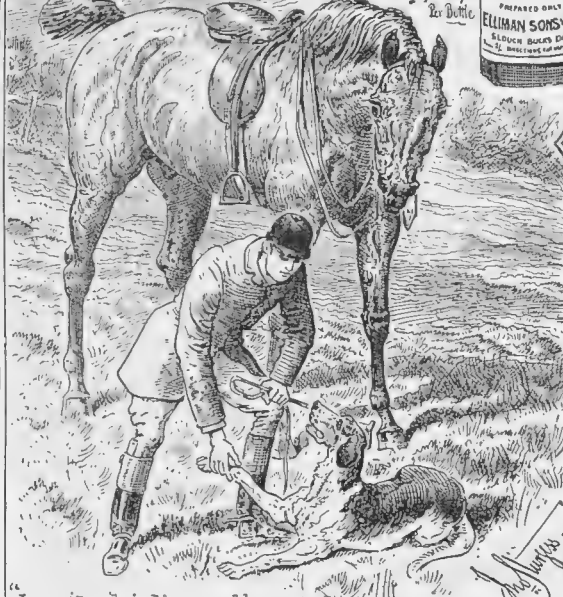
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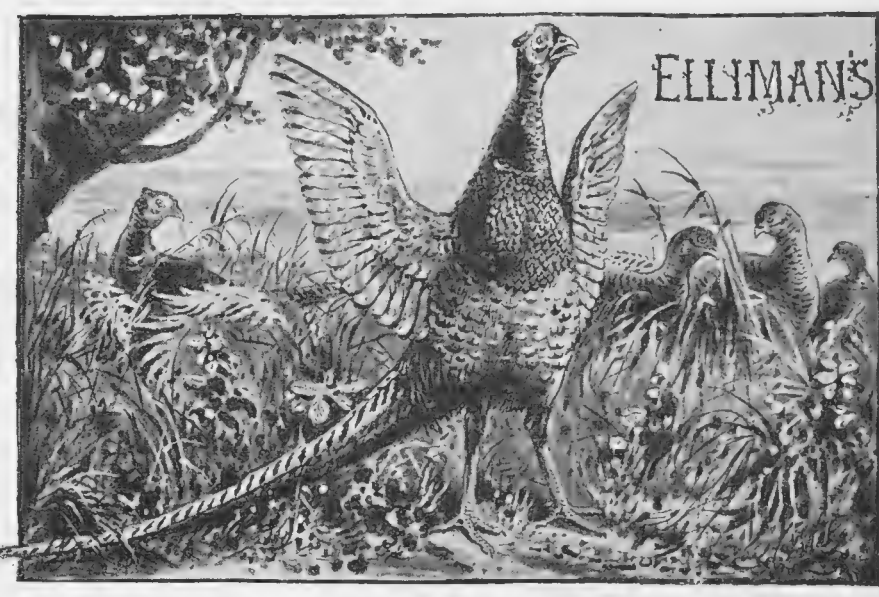
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THE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT.

WHAT A CONSERVATIVE THINKS.

The Government opens the new session with very poor prospects. Since Parliament last met, three seats have been contested, at Forfarshire, Brigg, and Evesham, which have not only transferred two votes to the Opposition side, but have taken all the fighting out of the party in power. And the time of recess has been spent not in consolidating the party, but in squabbles. The campaign against the House of Lords, which, it was hoped, would be a rallying cry, has already practically collapsed, and the session opens with a renewed attempt to trot out some of the more belated items of the Newcastle Programme. Only Liberals themselves know really how disunited they are on all the new questions which have come up since that stale old programme was published. The "new Radicals" have tried very hard to capture the party in favour of more Progressive measures. But, whatever may be stated in public, in private we all know that, even if the Rosebery Government manages to scrape along for a few weeks, no legislation will be attempted that is not of the safe old "general utility" description. Nor will the House get to legislation of any kind very easily. The Address will hardly be accounted for when (or, indeed, before) the Irish "cheques" have received an explanation; and as the Irish party are still the masters of the Government's voting strength, the incident will probably be lively. The Parnellites have now declared for a wrecking policy, and will vote against the Government on any question of Confidence, so that the transfer of six or eight more votes, or the abstention of a dozen Members, would mean defeat. And though Mr. Gladstone has declared that he will come back to the House to vote if he is wanted, and even to speak, yet there are some other Liberal Members like him who cannot be depended upon for divisions, and who will not be perpetually paired by the Opposition Whips. The Independent Labour men, too, few as they are, have stated that they are hostile to the Government, though no one knows how far Mr. Keir Hardie means to go when it comes to a chance of his having to contest his seat again.

THE UNION OF THE UNIONISTS.

So terribly at a loss are the Radical party, that a determined attempt is to be made to hang on by deliberately playing for dissensions on the side of their antagonists. It is hoped that Welsh Disestablishment and the Irish Land Bill will force the Liberal Unionists, or some of them, to vote against the Opposition. This might be a clever game in some circumstances, but it is hopeless. The Unionists are, to speak plainly, not such fools. On the contrary, in spite of any rumours put about by interested Radicals, there is perfect harmony in the Unionist camp. In the course of the last fortnight conferences have been held between the leaders of the two wings of the party. There were two sections of opinion, one for a forward policy of attack on the Government at every point, the other for a waiting game. Lord Salisbury and the Conservatives were inclined for a waiting game; but Mr. Chamberlain—who undoubtedly might be put in a somewhat awkward position by having to oppose Welsh Disestablishment, which he could not honestly do on its merits—was for a forward policy of fighting, and I have reason to believe that these are the tactics which will be pursued. My forecast for the session, therefore, is this: Either the Government will be beaten quite early, in which case we shall have a dissolution at once, or else they will manage to rally their men and obtain a majority sufficient to proceed with their Bills. If the Bills are found to be thoroughly vile and objectionable, and "no compromise" is threatened, then our side will do its duty as an Opposition with vigour. Result, gagging and guillotining on a large scale, and a general protest against the Parliamentary upset which will ensue, resulting in a dissolution in the early summer. But, whichever it be, the session will be a fighting one; it will, if I mistake not, come in like a lion and go out like a tiger.

THE CONSERVATIVE POSITION.

A consequence of the last bye-elections, which I do not think has yet been noticed, with reference to the present position in the House of Commons, is worth mentioning. The Conservative party is now actually larger, numerically, than the Liberal. Up till the last prorogation of Parliament it was always open for us Conservatives to say that the Government were in office by means of the Irish vote. But they, in return, could answer, that the Liberals, at any rate, were more numerous than any other party in the House, and that the Opposition depended on the "renegades." But Brigg and Forfarshire have made a difference. The Conservatives now actually outnumber the Liberals by 271 to 270. Against this gain I have set the loss of Lord Randolph Churchill. Yet it would be absurd to overvalue even that loss. Lord Randolph was lost to us a year and more ago, and death only removes his shadow. To those behind the scenes, the wonder was that Lord Randolph kept himself in front for so long. It is ten years since "one who knew" (and really knew) told me that he was a doomed man. Yet, as we live by hope, so some of his admirers still looked for a miracle, and it is but a couple of years since Conservatives went about whispering that "in opposition, you know," Arthur Balfour's leadership would have to give way to his more pugnacious rival. Well, that is over, and Mr. Balfour is now the only possible Conservative Leader in the Commons. Oddly enough, in spite of the undoubted "Tory reaction" in the country, and the increase of Conservatism everywhere, Mr. Balfour has no serious rival on the Conservative side in Parliament. Are we not growing some new great men? The rise of a Conservative Mr. Asquith, or even of a successor to Lord Randolph, is one of the events on our side that is to be looked for.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

M. Edmond Lepelletier wrote a novel founded on Sandeau and Moreau's play of "Madame Sans-Gêne." Londoners with recent memories of Réjane's personation of that delightful heroine, will be interested to see that M. Lepelletier's novel has been translated by Mr. J. A. J. de Villiers, and issued in a popular form by Messrs. Chatto and Windus. A little lengthy in portions, it is, nevertheless, a good story, and a memory of Réjane will be enough to endow the heroine with every charm. In this dead season of romance, "Madame Sans-Gêne" is about the safest name to write on a library list.

Literature and natural history have long courted each other, and, on the whole, have made a happy union, especially—and in this they are not exceptional—when there has been one dominant partner. Literature was the dominant partner in Thoreau's and Jefferies' case; it was subordinate with White of Selborne. There is a pleasant book before me, called "Summer Studies of Birds and Books" (Macmillan), by Mr. W. Waide Fowler. He is a naturalist and an observer in the first place, but he has the art of writing brightly. His book is not spoiled by sentimentalism: it has the stuff in it that naturalists like to read, yet it is not in the least a dry museum handbook. There are some chapters, notably those on "Birds in Wales," "The Songs of Birds," "Aristotle on Birds," and "Bindon Hill," which, having read, a reader will be glad to read again, and to think of on many a summer walk.

It is generally agreed by all persons of imagination that the most interesting books are dictionaries and their kindred. They suggest endless theories, philosophies, romances, to right-minded readers; and always excellent theories, romances, and philosophies are these, so long as they are not put to the clumsy tests of life and pen-and-ink. Mr. Leopold Wagner should be a favourite author of all such right-minded persons, for he makes dictionaries of a particularly fascinating kind. His last one is called "Manners, Customs, and Observances," and is published by Mr. Heinemann. The brain reels to think how Mr. Wagner compiled it, but if that fatiguing reflection be thrust into the background, we are left with a pure delight. Imagine a book that so hits off your varying moods and flatters the catholicity of your taste by conversing on "The Feast of Ramadan," the tuneful call of "Heave-oh!" "The Ladies' Gallery," "The Scottish Kilt," "The Death Rattle," "Hot Cross Buns," and "Why Women do not Applaud at the Play." The information is not always of the fullest, but it is the more suggestive, the liker to stimulating conversation for that. Mr. Wagner says it is accurate, and I am willing to believe it, though I don't much care. I am not sure that strict accuracy is indispensable in a book of the kind. Any stray theories and explanation on the numberless subjects it deals with are of interest, and, if wrong, at least a monument to human ingenuity. I recommend it to a place on a shelf within reach of the sleepless. It befits the temper of insomnia better than Marcus Aurelius or the last new novel.

A very pleasing volume of poems is Mr. Will Foster's "Legend of Lohengrin." He tells and interprets the story something after the manner of Tennyson's "Idylls." The thrills of mystery that breathe in Wagner's rougher version are nowhere. It is, however, full of quiet beauty, and conceived in a sane and gentle spirit. Mr. Foster is not the kind of poet who will suffer from too much adulation or too much contempt. His verse forces respect from those into whose hands it falls, and frequent admiration as well. But it has neither the strength nor the eccentricity that commands close attention. He has been far surpassed in his own ground, in "Lohengrin," and his "Average Man" is nothing so good as Kipling's "Tomlinson." But in a few quatrains he shows a more special talent, which, one hopes, he may not neglect. This counsel from Nature to her admirers will sound good to those who know what she means, and to those who have tried to make quatrains—

Too much upon the beauties of my dress,
With words of courtly wonderment, ye gaze;
If ye would know my very loveliness,
Look with a lover's eyes into my face.

Another legendary poem recently published, and a more notable one, though only a translation, is a version of Cynewulf's "Elene," put into metre by Jane Menzies (Blackwood). The legend of St. Helen is a popular one, familiar even to those unversed in the history of the saints. The poem of the old monk Cynewulf on the subject is at times very picturesque, and at times very obscure, and, though naturally Miss Menzies has, in her conscientiousness, been unable to make an always attractive translation, lovers of religious legend and poetry will find in it a quaint, rude charm. There is a fine lyric strain, too, in the old man's lament for lost youth at the end—

"Ah! life's winsomeness with years has fled."

"The Brontës in Ireland," one of the most fascinating chronicles of real life ever put down on paper, has just gone into a third edition. Dr. Wright has had many correspondents, and some of them have given him valuable information or confirmation. A Francis Prunty piloted a tourist about Lough Erne last year. He and his family are the key to the missing Boyne Brontës, no doubt; but Dr. Wright does not give way on the form of the name, which he regards merely as an illiterate transformation of its famous form.

A delightful collection of Irish folk and hero tales has been compiled by Mr. Jeremiah Curtin, and published by Messrs. Macmillan. Mr. Curtin, who is an American Irishman, has written an unusually bright and interesting preface, making a comparison between Indian and Gaelic myths.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

THE GOWNS FOR "AN ARTIST'S MODEL."

For once realisation has come up to, and, in fact, exceeded expectation, for the rumours as to the magnificence of the costumes to be displayed by "An Artist's Model" and her feminine colleagues at Daly's Theatre have proved that they had good foundation, so much so, that women should accord a vote of thanks to the management for providing them with such a feast of gowns to admire, to talk about, and, above all, to



MISS MARIE TEMPEST.

copy. We must start with the principals, and, as this is Miss Marie Tempest's reappearance in England, give her the place of honour, a distinction which is doubly merited on account of the beauty of her gowns. The material of the first is a veritable thing of beauty, the ground of the palest mauve glacé silk, patterned with tiny conventional bouquets of pink and yellow and red roses, and some strange blue flower, the colours showing faint and blurred beneath broad stripes of white silk, each of which is in turn striped narrowly at the sides with a line of satin. The effect is wonderfully beautiful, and when you add to this skirt a full bodice of chiffon, enriched with a garniture of beads in colours exactly matching the silk, and brightened by silver sequins, you can imagine what an effective stage-dress this is. But the costume is not complete without the hat, a wonderful erection of pale burnt straw, with a bandeau and rosette of mauve chiffon against the hair, the broad brim being turned right up from the face in front, and ornamented at one side with a bunch of red roses, and at the other with a cluster of dark-hued violets. The remaining trimming consists of a long white ostrich plume, which curls gracefully over the high crown, and a great bow of turquoise-blue satin, moiré antique, and velvet ribbon; while at the back two more ostrich plumes, having for a background a cloudy arrangement of mauve chiffon, rest against the hair. Extreme it certainly is, but it is also exceedingly smart and pretty, and suits Miss Marie Tempest to perfection. Next she has (for the ball-room scene in Act II.) a lovely evening dress, which is a distinct contrast to her first gown. It is composed, as far as the skirt is concerned, of the richest white satin, brocaded with a conventional design, which is outlined with gold sequins, and trimmed with graceful scarves of lace, glittering with an embroidery of sequins. The bodice, which is entirely of lace, has some sequin trimming introduced, and, as a relief, one touch of delicate colour in the form of a tiny fold of pervenche velvet, which outlines the décolletage in front.

Now, Miss Marie Tempest must give place to Miss Lottie Venne, who, as usual, has managed to secure some gowns which would hold their own anywhere, and every one of which will have a large train of devoted admirers. The first has my special support, the full, plain

skirt being of cigar-brown satin cloth, and the bodice of canary-yellow chiffon adorned with appliqué medallions of beautiful mellow-tinted lace, and having a waistband of black satin ribbon, fastened by some exquisite old buttons. With this is worn a delightfully smart triple cape of the cloth, lined with creamy-white satin, and edged with fine gold braid, which forms a square design at each corner. Much more elaborate is Miss Venne's next dress, of exquisite Pompadour brocade in palest tan, brocaded with faint-hued flowers in a variety of effectively contrasting colours, and with a bodice of peach-coloured chiffon, held in at the sides by straps of the most wonderful ribbon, elaborately embroidered to match all the shades in the brocade, and sparkling with silver sequins, the waist being encircled by a broad band of green satin, covered with an appliqué of handsome black guipure, Miss Letty Lind having a dress which is an exact facsimile of this in every way. And yet this is not all, though it ends the category of Messrs. Jay's productions (for these four gowns emanated, I found, from the famous house in Regent Street), for Miss Lottie Venne has still another dress, the last being a ball-gown for Act II., composed of rich yellow satin, the trained skirt entirely covered with gold sequins. There is a great mass of wallflowers in every imaginable shade arranged on the centre of the train, and another, and slightly smaller one, at the left side of the skirt, the bodice, which is trimmed with the new soft French lace, being also bedecked with sundry bunches of the flower which once used to be despised.

But the "Artist's Model" herself now claims attention, in the beautiful person of Miss Hetty Hamer—a thrice-fortunate model, truly, to be able to indulge in such gowns! The first has, with a very full plain skirt of rich silk in a lovely shade of brown, a bodice of turquoise-blue velvet, with great puffed elbow-sleeves, two handkerchiefs of the silk being arranged in the form of a pinafore over-bodice, and bordered with a scroll design of fine gold cord, studded with rubies, turquoises, and other (presumably) precious stones. But, charming as this gown undoubtedly is, both in design and colouring, it is on the ball-gown that the greatest amount of feminine admiration will be expended, I venture to prophesy. It is a veritable rose dress, for the entire skirt, of pale pink poul-de-soie, is bordered with a deep band of roses, shading upwards from dark, rich red to the faintest blush-pink, the top line being broken here and there by a touch of green in the form of leaves. As to the bodice, it is originality itself, as, I think, you will allow. It, too, is composed of the pink satin, and the entire décolletage is outlined



MISS MARIE TEMPEST.

with single green leaves, each glittering with its burden of emeralds, while from this effective border falls, in front, a slight drapery of chiffon sewn over with single rose-petals of varying hue. There are shoulder-straps composed of small pale-pink roses, and the right sleeve, which falls well off the shoulder, leaving the top of the beautiful arm quite bare, is composed entirely of shaded roses, the effect being very quaint and exceedingly pretty, while the left sleeve (so-called) consists of a large bow of broad black satin ribbon, which is tied round the arm.

[Continued on page 101.]

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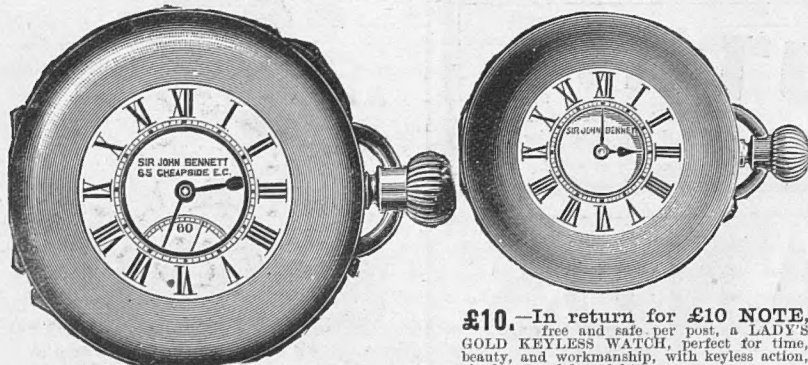
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I think, considering her
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her present healthy con-
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had a day's illness. She
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contented, and happy as
the day is long.
"I shall not fail to
recommend Mellin's
Food as being incom-
parable.

"Yours truly,
"H. NEWMAN
"WILKINSON."

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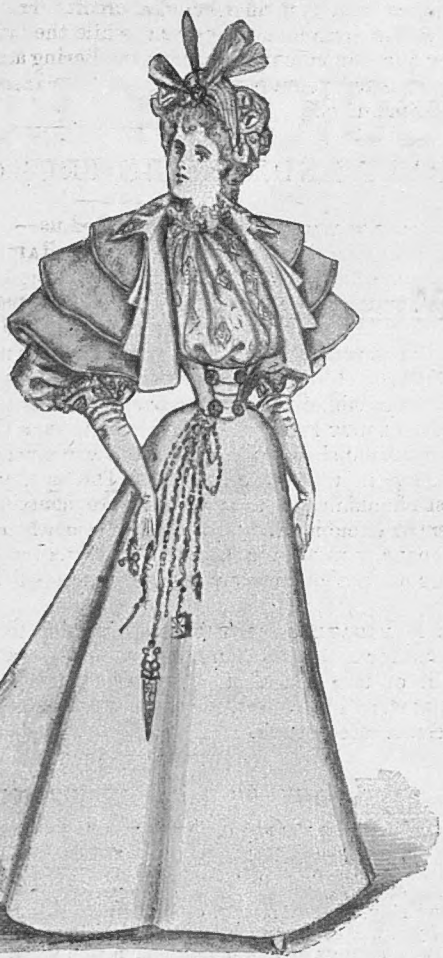
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Lovely Miss Marie Studholme also shows off two charming gowns to the very best advantage, or rather, one gown and a travelling-coat, the latter, in which she appears in Act I., being of royal-blue cloth, reaching to the bottom of the skirt, and held in at the waist by a jewelled belt. The cape is lined with gold-coloured satin and has epaulettes of guipure lace, three groups of paste buttons fastening the coat down the left side. Miss Studholme's aureole of golden hair is crowned by a simple skull-cap of blue velvet adorned with one gold quill. Her second dress makes up in elaborate detail for the simplicity of the first; it has a full skirt of white tulle, the front encircled by a wreath of exquisitely shaded irises, from

glacé silk, and their ruffling of bright-green chiffon on the shoulders, are wonderfully clever imitations of the flowers they are intended to represent. There is also a deep waistband of black glacé, with a straight wide bow at the back, and two lines of poppies start from the sides of the bodice and fall down the skirt, where they are finished at the foot with a great bow of the glacé, a larger edition of the long straight bow at the waist. Is not that dress worthy of a place in the storehouse of your memory for reference on some future occasion—those of you who are brunettes? while fair ones with golden locks can have a "cornflower" dress, with skirt of pale cornflower-blue satin, and a bodice which, beneath a great bow of white satin, has a deep folded belt of the blue fastened at the left side of the back with three paste buttons. The same charming flower-effect is secured in the sleeves, the satin petals falling in this case over full loops of white satin ribbon. The head-dress too is charming and characteristic, consisting as it does of two blue Mercury wings sparkling with gold sequins, which rise from a white satin bow; and here I must tell you that every costume is completed by a dainty little bandeau or fillet in which the predominating idea of the dress is carried out.

Then one of the most effective dresses in the chorus is of mirror velvet, the skirt shading from the faintest yellow to the deepest pinkish-mauve, the latter colour entirely predominating in the bodice. Of course, the sleeves are, apparently, doing their best to fall off, and are only prevented from doing so by shoulder-straps of pretty jet passementerie. Dahlias, in every imaginable shade of the two colours, are used as trimming. A forget-me-not blue moiré antique has a charming miniature fichu of chiffon on the bodice, which has a slightly overhanging pleat in the centre, fastened with paste buttons and with a cluster of lilac at each side. The skirt is quite plain, and, with the exception of two bunches of lilac, untrimmed. I also noticed with favour a green velvet skirt, which rejoiced in a bodice of black satin veiled with black net, which was covered with moonlight sequins, the sleeves being simply single frills of velvet. The flowers used on the bodice and in the hair were red and pink roses and the modest mignonette. And so one might go on, *ad libitum*, in imitation of Tennyson's brook, only "enough is as good as a feast," and so my last words shall be on an entirely different subject, and shall be devoted to giving you a hint as to two most suitable and



MISS LOTTIE VENNE.

which rise a flight of butterflies, gorgeous creatures fashioned of shimmering green-and-blue metallic paillettes. Three bouquets of the graceful iris-blossoms are set at the back of the skirt, the bodice being of pale-blue satin brocaded with the same flowers; the sleeves, of white chiffon, which fall right off the shoulders, having a number of butterflies nestling in their billowy folds.

An ideal dress for quite a young girl is worn by a lovely young *débutante*, Miss Fairfax. It is of the palest pink satin, and is made in the Empire style, the entire front breadth being sewn with silver sequins and bordered at each side with a line of tiny pink Banksia roses, the corsage folds being embroidered with the same dainty flowerets; while a good example of a more elaborate style is Miss Adams's ball-dress of turquoise-blue brocade, the bodice having a full front of chiffon, held in by bands of satin ribbon tying in the centre in a smart bow. A row of large pearls outlines the top of the bodice, a triple row forming the shoulder-straps, and the sleeves themselves having their drooping fulness headed by a border of pearls, from which falls a filmy frill of chiffon. A touch of beautiful silver passementerie is introduced in the bodice, and appears again on the skirt of blue satin, where it outlines three pointed panels of brocade, which are let in at the left side of the skirt from the waist. Then you must needs fall in love with Miss Gregory's gown, which has a skirt of delicate green-and-mauve shot moiré antique and a bodice of white brocade, veiled with endless strings of crystal beads, sewn over with single Neapolitan violets, finished on the corsage and held in at the waist by deep bands of silver passementerie, blazing with brilliants, the sleeves, of white chiffon, being held in with bows of mauve satin ribbon. Then comes Miss Cannon, in eau-de-Nil satin, an elaborate embroidery in pearls, rubies, sapphires, and a dozen other stones, wide at the foot, and tapering to a point at the waist, appearing at the sides of the skirt, and again in the centre of the corsage, the front of which is veiled with beautiful white lace, caught in to the figure by bands of the satin knotted in the centre. Where Madame Vanité got them all from I cannot imagine, for the whole of the ball-dresses for Act II., and some in Act I., came from her salons in Prince's Street.

Imagine, for instance, a "Poppy" dress with a skirt of white satin, the brocaded design having a suggestion of yellow about it which gives it a very effective warmth of tone. The satin bodice is covered with creamy guipure, sewn thickly with gold sequins, and it has flower-shaped sleeves of red silk, which, with their little inner puffing of black



MISS LOTTIE VENNE.

infallibly acceptable gifts which you can utilise as offerings on the shrine of St. Valentine, if there is a husband, brother, or *fiancé* to whom it may seem advisable to you to make such a presentation. Economy, too, adds another point to my recommendation, for a guinea is the modest sum which purchases a silver cigarette-case, and thirty-five shillings a silver flask which holds two wine-glasses. The place where you can obtain these most desirable acquisitions is Fisher's, 188, Strand, and as these are but two examples of a stock of many hundreds, you can imagine what a happy hunting-ground his premises must be for those in search of presents, let the time of year be what it may. These two special articles are, however, particularly noteworthy.

FLORENCE.

NOTES FROM THE EXCHANGE.

"All is not Gold that Glitters."

DEAR SIR,—

Capel Court, Feb. 2. 1895.

Discounts have been firmer and short money has commanded about $\frac{5}{8}$ per cent., but a good bit of the stiffening in rates has been caused by the banks preparing for the usual monthly returns and the proposed American bond issue. At the Bank of England gold is still flowing back from the provinces, and in default of any demand for gold for export, it is probable the reserve will show a further increase next week.

You ask us to explain the American currency difficulty, to which we have repeatedly alluded, and we will try to do so in a few words, although a volume could easily be devoted to the question. The first law of currency, called Gresham's Law, is that if two circulating mediums are in use, one good and one bad, it is certain that the bad will drive the good out of circulation, and this is exactly the difficulty in which the United States finds itself. The Treasury issues certificates against silver deposits, redeemable in either silver or gold at the option of the holder, and these certificates can be reissued as many times as may be necessary. The result is that any person has merely to walk round to the Treasury with silver, obtain certificates against it, and then return to get these same pieces of paper changed into gold. *Voilà tout!* What more is there to be said? Bond issues and other quack medicines may relieve the patient for a few weeks, or even months; but until you strike at the root of the evil, no permanent cure can be effected. Of course, there are a dozen subsidiary points to be dealt with, but for practical purposes the position is exactly as we have stated it; and, while experts dispute about "irredeemable paper," "redundancy of circulation," and a dozen other interesting points, the kernel of the whole affair is contained in the attempt to keep both silver and gold (whose relative value fluctuates) in circulation as money at the same time.

The decline in Consols from 105 $\frac{3}{4}$ to about 103 $\frac{3}{4}$ came very quickly upon the first sign of a better demand for money, and, of course, there has been a corresponding but not quite so heavy a fall in other high-class stocks. It is quite evident that securities, however good, which return a fixed rate of less than 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. can only be kept at such prices as we have lately seen because people do not know how else to employ their spare cash. The Home Railway market has drooped in sympathy, and it certainly was well we induced you to take half your South-Eastern and Chatham profits. The Midland dividend exceeded the "bears'" estimate by $\frac{1}{4}$ per cent., but the present traffics are by no means encouraging. Upon the return of this year the stock yields just under 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., and if the ground lost since 1892 could be recovered—as, if you believe in a reasonably speedy revival of trade, dear Sir, it will be—no doubt it is at present price not a bad investment, but for ourselves we prefer North-Eastern Consols. May we call your attention to Highland Railway ordinary stock, which, on the average of several years, will pay just over 4 per cent., and is, we think, an investment of a high class?

Uruguay bonds have fallen rather sharply, upon stories of frontier troubles and some talk of further borrowing. Whatever may be the course of the market in the immediate future, we consider you have very little cause for anxiety. There has been a tendency to buy Mexican securities, upon a vague notion that the United States may, after all, adopt a silver standard, and Spanish and Turkish stocks have been firm.

Private advices from Argentina report favourably on the state of the country and the honesty of the Ministry; and the traffics upon most of the railways, especially the Central Argentine, are encouraging.

Except for the slump in Norfolk and Western securities, we have had quite a cheerful market in Yankee Rails; the buying has mainly been caused by closing of "bear" accounts and a little support from professional operators. The public takes no interest in this section just now, but "it is darkest just before the dawn," and it would not surprise us to see a sharp rise all along the line. The Canadian Pacific position is causing considerable speculation, and it is clear, from the receipts, that the available income for dividend purposes will not exceed about 1,200,000 dollars, against 3,522,000 dollars in 1892, and 2,613,000 dollars in 1893. The interim dividend has already absorbed 400,000 dollars more than the line has earned, so that, it is evident, any further distribution must come out of the reserve fund. Of course, with a revival of trade in Canada, the income of the line would go up again; but, meanwhile, what is to be done?

The Mining market is full of draft prospectuses, and we hear of great activity in the direction of Western Australia. A new exploration company is spoken of for the Pulburra district, with Lord Douglas among its sponsors, and some Coolgardie ventures have been shown to us.

Realisations have been very general in the Kaffir circus, but the strength of the market has been thereby made evident. Buffelsdoorns, Glencairns, and Wolhuters have all been comparatively firm, and the prospects in each case are very promising. We know no shares which we have recommended that are likely to prove unremunerative in the long run, although, of course, in many cases there has been some droop in market price of late. Orions and New Cræsus both strike us as worth buying, as in both cases the stamping power will shortly be increased, and the capital is moderate. Please do not think we have one word to withdraw, dear Sir, as to Eastleighs, Van Ryn, New Chimes, or any of the other mines we have advised you to buy; if you will only act on the principle that you pay for what you purchase, and always want something with an intrinsic value, you will have no cause to regret any purchase we have made for you. We hear of most favourable developments in Knight's, where the ore is said to show great improvement.

The new Chinese gold loan of £3,000,000 has been underwritten—indeed, people have tumbled over one another to get a finger in the pie. The issue price will be 96 $\frac{1}{2}$, and the underwriters are to get 4 per cent. Considering that the revenue of the Treaty Ports amounts to about ten times the sum required for all the Chinese indebtedness, and that the collection of the revenue is in European hands, the security is very ample, and the interest offered (6 per cent.) makes the loan look a tempting opportunity for those who desire to combine reasonable safety with a good return.

The *Investors' Review* for February is well worth reading, despite the sneers which Mr. Wilson often makes do duty for arguments, and the usual violent attacks upon colonial credit. The index to new investments is both well written and pungent, while the article on the United States currency question and the note on the Baring assets are very interesting.—We are, dear Sir, yours faithfully,

S. Simon, Esq.

LAMB, SHEARER, AND CO.

COMPANY AND OTHER ISSUES OF THE WEEK.

The following prospectuses have reached us—

THE GREAT NORTHERN AND CITY RAILWAY is offering 100,000 £10 shares. The Great Northern Railway guarantees traffic equal to 2 per cent. on the share capital, and during construction 3 per cent. is to be paid. We think well of the concern, and, under the fostering care of so powerful a company as that which guarantees the minimum through traffic, it is pretty sure to prove a remunerative investment, besides proving a boon to the inhabitants of our northern suburbs.

THE LILLOOET FRAZER RIVER AND CARIBOO GOLD FIELDS, LIMITED, is issuing 32,500 shares of £1 each, but we expect it will be a case of "a voice crying in the wilderness." The property is an alluvial one in British Columbia, and is supposed to contain gravel which will yield 25 cents per cubic yard. How could a boom be engineered in the shares of a company with such a name? Investors will do well to leave this enterprise to the directors who are interested in the sale and their friends.

THE RAMSGATE CORPORATION is inviting tenders through the Bank of England for £316,000 Three per Cent. stock at a minimum of par. The bulk of the loan is to be used for the redemption of existing indebtedness, and the stock, for those who are willing to accept the rate of interest, is safe enough.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. M.—(1) We think you run little risk with the deposit receipts. They are not the class of investments we care for, because unmarketable, but, as far as we know, the bank is all right. (2) Fair industrial shares, and liable to the fluctuations of trade, which is bad just now. We should prefer Ely Brothers, Bryant and May, Gordon Hotels, or a dozen other shares of the same class.

G.—If you will comply with the rule (5) as to private letters, we will send you the name and address of a firm in London who will sell you the bonds at the market price, and treat you fairly. We have made it a practice to advertise no brokers or dealers in this column.

PORTADOWN.—The bank is one of the best of the reconstructed concerns, and you might do worse than pick up a few more shares at a low price. You hold awful rubbish in your American Rails, and the sooner you clear out the better for you in the long run, although, perhaps, if you were prepared to pay the assessments, you might get a bit more by waiting. We should sell if the shares were our own.

GILT-EDGED.—We suggest the following investments: North-Eastern Consols, to pay £3 12s. per cent.; Gas Light and Coke A stock, to pay £4 7s. 6d. per cent.; Highland Railway ordinary, to pay about £4 per cent.; Imperial Continental Gas, to pay £5 per cent.; Indian Midland Railway, to pay about £3 7s. per cent.; Nizams State Railway, to pay about £4 1s. per cent. If you expended £500 in each of the above, you would hold perfectly safe investments, which would, on an average, give you 4 per cent. for your money.

LONDON YACHT.—See answer to "G."

WHITE LION.—(1) There is no difference. (2) Because some companies are private concerns, and some have a large number of shareholders. There is no law about publishing balance-sheets, and each company does as it likes. All limited companies are registered under the same Acts.

CIVIL SERVANT.—We should consider the shares a reasonable investment. They pay 12s. 7d. a-share dividend each half-year, or 25s. 2d. a year, and the capital consists of 35,448 shares of £10 each.

M. J. J.—The exact amount of second preference stock is £869,532, and if the arrangement between the lines effects the saving expected, the stock is within sight of a dividend. We consider the purchase at present prices would probably turn out profitable.

J. C.—The present value of your legacy is between £650 and £700, but you should be very careful with whom you deal. Select one of the respectable reversionary societies whose business it is to buy that sort of thing.

S. P. G.—(1) We think the East London rig has "burst." (2) Buffelsdoorns are good to hold. (3) Ely Brothers, Gordon Hotels, or Aerated Bread might suit you.

SAMBO.—We believe it to have been a swindle, and we think the usual voluntary liquidation has taken place, but if you wish, and will pay the fee, we will search at Somerset House.

PERPLEXED.—(1) These bonds have nothing to depend upon but a guarantee of interest by the Province of Quebec for ten years from July, 1888, and a mortgage on a line which earns about 6000 dollars a-year. They are a wretched investment, but we would rather hold on than sell at present price. (2) We should say, very little, but much depends on the future of New Zealand. (3) We should again say "No." There was a small distribution of 1 per cent. in Aug., 1894, on account, but the subsidies are mainly eaten up by prior lien bonds and loss on working, which explains what you have been unable to understand.

NEMO.—We have sent you the name you require by private letter, although, if we remember rightly, we sent you the same thing some time ago. We should say neither of the firms you mention are fit people to deal with, as, indeed, you must see from what you experienced in one case. Deal with no one who professes to charge no commission; you will find about twice as much is added to the price.

FRANCIS.—Comply with Rule 5 and we will answer your letter with pleasure. There should be no difficulty in finding the investments you want.